

Dark Magenta

Issue Two

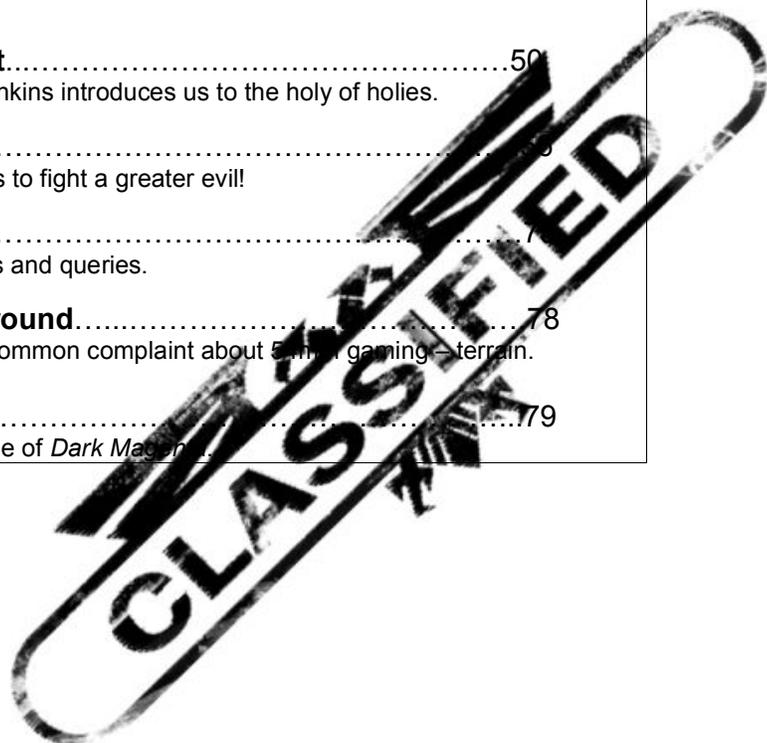
Thought for the Day: The second step is always hardest

Spring 2008

Due to long production times and the nature of *Dark Magenta* as a webzine produced by volunteers, you are currently reading an interim version of the magazine. As soon as our technical support guys are able, we will replace it with the full-colour version you'll have been hoping for. In the mean time, the content is exactly what it should be: full-throttle, full-fat, one-hundred-per-cent, undiluted *heresy!*

Contents

	Page
The Grand Inquisitor Speaks	2
Derek makes confession.	
I Am Not A Monster – Part Two	4
Painting the conversion from Issue 1.	
Machinations and Manipulations	7
Subtle deceptions upon the hive world Agrippina	
Inquisitor: Dark Fortress	13
The campaign pack from the March 2007 event for you to use in your own clubs.	
Exploring the Dark Fortress	24
Robey Jenkins shares his experience of running the Dark Fortress event.	
Apocrypha Angeli Mortis	27
Brilliant new rules for Space Marines in <i>Inquisitor</i> from Eoin Whelan	
A Curse On't	47
Afflictions for your <i>Inquisitor</i> characters.	
Modelling Showcase – Nick Garrett	50
In our first Feature Article, veteran Robey Jenkins introduces us to the holy of holies.	
A Violated Sanctuary	63
Inquisitors Goddard and Saussure join forces to fight a greater evil!	
Communiqués	71
Via the astropathic duct come your questions and queries.	
The Last Word: Taking the High Ground	78
Robey "Precinct Omega" Jenkins tackles a common complaint about 5mm gaming – terrain.	
Record of Heresies	79
Biographies of all the contributors to this issue of <i>Dark Magenta</i> .	



The Grand Inquisitor speaks...

Welcome, one-and-all, to Issue 2 of *Dark Magenta*! We're delighted you're back with us for this new issue, and what a lot has happened over the last few months. While we've been toiling away to bring you this second instalment of *Inquisitor*-related goodness, we've been through two separate website changes, and have had to move the site to the new address, www.darkmagenta.co.uk. Update all your bookmarks if you haven't done so already!

The hobby has also seen some developments, perhaps not all of them entirely welcome. After the much-maligned decrease in the availability of many Specialist Games ranges over the last 18 months, the situation for *Inquisitor* gamers has been made worse by the recent withdrawal of loose component ordering from GW Online. This facility – the bedrock of the modelling hobby for many – has been replaced by the new Bitz catalogue, but this does not currently feature many parts suitable for *Inquisitor* modelling. While this change obviously affects every hobbyist, many online discussion boards have reverberated with arguments to the effect that *Inquisitor* will be harder hit than most, given the supreme importance of conversion to the game we all love. Of course, there are other model suppliers besides GW, and keep your eyes peeled for *Dark Magenta* showcasing future conversions letting you see what's available in 54mm formats from other companies. Also of *Inquisitor*-relevance was the release of the eagerly-anticipated 40K roleplaying game, *Dark Heresy* (see <http://www.blackindustries.com/?template=40k> for more details), which seems to have been greeted enthusiastically by the community, even if some players are viewing it as an Inquisition sourcebook as opposed to a role-playing game! Less enthusiastically-greeted was the near-immediate announcement (see <http://www.blackindustries.com/?template=40k&content=newslist&newsitem=350> for more) that *Dark Heresy* would enjoy only the briefest of official support before it would be left to fend for itself, causing much wailing and gnashing of teeth amongst the previously-excited gaming community. Doubtless, we'll hear more about this over the coming months...

I'm delighted to report that Issue 1 was very enthusiastically received from what we can gather – we had over 1200 downloads of the interim first issue the last time we checked (which was a good while ago!), we had to move the hosting of the “proper” Issue 1 due to demand, and the website had taken over 130,000 hits by the time we reached August last year! Thank you all for your support and enthusiasm! It's even made me finally pull my finger out and get painting again – you can see a snap of my most recent effort nearby. There's a few *Dark Magenta* inspired pieces on my modelling desk even as I type this.



The Grand Master's fearsome Eversor Assassin stalks tardy sub-editors...

So, what of this issue? Well, we've continued where we left off – we've got the second instalments of our Agripinna battle reports and “I Am Not a Monster!” modelling pieces, and also give an airing to the excellent model collection of Nick Garrett in our most recent Showcase article. Robey Jenkins lets everyone know about one of his recent Warhammer World *Inquisitor* events, the “Dark Fortress” campaign day.

Most notable of the new crop of pieces, however, is undoubtedly by Eoin Whelan, who will be known to some of you as “Lord Inquisitor” on various internet discussion boards, and as a Specialist Games Answer-Mod. We have invited Eoin to produce his extremely detailed alternative rules for the Adeptus Astartes in games of *Inquisitor*. If there's one topic that is guaranteed to be contentious, it's Space Marines, but we've thrown our hat into the ring by publishing Eoin's rules. I certainly believe they're the best representation of the Astartes I've seen for the *Inquisitor* rules, and they're nothing if not comprehensive – organs, implants, armour, weaponry, skills... Eoin covers as much as he can. Doubtless, you'll have an opinion on whether or not these rules are suitable, or even needed.



As always, feedback is welcomed, and you can get in touch at editor@darkmagenta.co.uk.

We're delighted this issue to have increased the amount of unique and original artwork featured in *Dark Magenta*, especially the work of Randy Linbourn – if you'd like to buy any of the artwork you see in *Dark Magenta* or to commission any of our artists, please email the editor at the submissions address.

Before I go, I just wanted to address a concern a few people have expressed since we released Issue 1 – we are aware that the first few issues of *Dark Magenta* have many articles written by the editorial staff, but “front-loading” in this way was important to make sure we got off the ground. We are now receiving submissions from all corners of the hobby, and we are certainly not an exclusive club for our staff only! Please, get in touch if you have ideas for articles, *especially* if you have lovely models to accompany them – you'll find our staff ready and willing to help you get your ideas on the page if they're good enough, and we'll help you work on them if they're not quite there!

Enjoy Issue 2 of *Dark Magenta* – it's been a pleasure bringing it to you, and we hope we keep getting better as we go along. See you all in a few months.

Regards,

Derek

The *Dark Magenta* staff are:

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“I Am Not a Monster!” – Part Two

Painting the mutant conversion from Issue 1

My conversion complete, the next step was, of course, to start applying paint. I had already applied a white undercoat, because I wanted the model to be quite bright and for the colours to really stick out. But that presents its own problems. A white model – especially one as complex as Buhrdur (and which I had now made even more complex – is hard to paint without finding that little bits of errant white have lingered in inconvenient places. My solution in this case was to paint the whole model one colour from the very start. This would ensure that all of the white was covered and that any forgotten bits would at least have a base coat.

The Flesh

Because so much of Buhrdur is exposed, I decided that the colour I would begin with would be his actual flesh colour.

It was important to make the break with the source model as clean as possible and, for that reason, I shied away from giving the character dark flesh. Instead, I reached for my trusty pot of Tanned Flesh which I find is a great base coat for human flesh at 54mm (whereas I prefer using Dark Flesh at 28mm). I watered it down to a consistency not unlike skimmed milk (although, if you see skimmed milk that colour *don't drink it!*) and slapped it on with a big brush all over the model, including its base.



Once that had been allowed to dry overnight (leaving it on a piece of paper, as the very runny paint is bound to drip onto whatever surface you leave the model on), I then went back over all the areas of flesh and the base with a thicker mix of

Tanned Flesh to get the tone of the flesh exactly right.



It's easy to overdo the highlights on flesh at 54mm. For a small, 28mm model, this is fine, because the details are indistinct and super-highlighting brings them all out. But it just isn't necessary at 54mm and can make a model look “overdone”. So rather than building up to Elf Flesh/Skull White, which is my usual approach with small models, I built up to the duller Dwarf Flesh through a couple layers (mixing Dwarf Flesh with Tanned Flesh in lessening quantities of the latter) and then picked out key highlights with a Dwarf Flesh/Skull White mix.

The cloth

This really was the fun bit. The model is wearing clothes made from lots of large pieces of fabric stitched together. You could just do it as different shades of leather, but I really wanted him to look like he was dressed in what he could pick off the scrapheap. So I took a long time over the cloth. If you look closely, you'll see the edges of letters, bits of camouflage, bright red material (cut from a discarded regimental banner, I reckon) and others.

I began by painting the whole jerkin as well as his face mask in Shadow Grey. I then picked out the pieces I wanted brighter and the ones I wanted darker. The lighter ones were painted Codex Grey and the darker ones Chaos Black. This

gave me a nice, basic patchwork finish. I then picked out a couple of the lighter ones in bright colours, painted over the Codex Grey – this gives a nice, muted tone to the brightness; after all, it's not like our mutant rebel often gets to use a washing machine! I gave the other patches some highlights and then picked out the designs of some letters on two of the patches and some camouflage on a third. You could go really to town with this part – candy stripes, checkers, tie-dye... but that wasn't how I saw the character.

The Emergence of the Character

I wrote last time about how I like to have a character emerge from the process of building and then painting the model. I began with the Buhrdur model and a vague idea for a mutant. From the process of building the model, I decided that this was a mutant with brains despite his rough appearance. He uses a hand flamer and a massive eviscerator (one-handed!) because of the psychological effect it has on his enemies. Now, as I painted him, the picture was emerging of an opportunistic scavenger – his clothes are stitched together from whatever he can find and he has obviously claimed his weapons from former victims (perhaps persecuting cultists?). But he must have connections, too, to have obtained a bionic replacement for his lost eye...



The fur

If I'm honest, the fur is my least favourite part of the model. I wanted it to look shaggy and matted, and it does (which is good), but I also wanted it to look a bit exotic. It's not his own fur. It's a pelt from an animal. And I emphasized this by adding the black stripes. But, ultimately, I don't feel that it worked as well as it could have. I might well come back to this element of the model in the future. If you've got any suggestions of how you think Buhrdur's fur ought to look (or if you just want to reassure me that it looks fine) then write to *Dark Magenta* and let us know!



The leather and pouches

The harness he wears around himself is obviously of a piece and I wanted it to look like it. So the straps themselves are all painted in Chaos Black, with a slender Codex Grey highlight that makes them look like leather. This matches with the wrappings around his wrists, giving the look unity. The pouches, knives and grenades, though, I thought would be more like his clothes: improvisations, scavenged from the dead. So I painted the pouches in Bestial Brown, washed them with some Burnt Sienna ink and highlighted with Dwarf Flesh. This makes them stand out from the rest of his accoutrements but the Dwarf flesh ties them to his skin tone, keeping the unified finish of his rag-tag look.

The knives, meanwhile, were painted to look like proud trophies: one bears the name "CADIA" and evidently came originally from a warrior of that world. The other is decorated with a camouflage pattern redolent of Catachan or a similarly lush and verdant planet.

The weapons

I wanted his weapons to look thoroughly used. Whilst well-looked-after, the mutant doesn't have the inclination or wherewithal to keep their paint finished or their surfaces clean. So after a base coat of Boltgun Metal all over the sword, flamer and grenades, I washed all of them with, first, Dark Brown ink and then more Burnt Sienna. This gives a great patina of old, dirty oil. I then added a little Blood Red to the casing of the sword, to represent the remains of the former paint finish (Redemptionists?) and picked out the rings of the grenades with Shining Gold.

The Base

Whilst I think a base is important to make a model look finished, I don't like to go overboard with the designs of my bases, preferring them to be generic and anonymous. But because I was doing Buhrdur for *Dark Magenta*, I decided that a little extra detail was warranted. Checking my bits box, I found a piece of an old tank trap and glued it on before adding the sand and gravel.

But when it came to painting the barrier I was keen that it shouldn't look like it's just dropped off the character. The metal needed to have more in common with the floor than with the character. So rather than paint it up as I had the rest of the metal, I finished it off with some Bestial Brown mixed with Burning Orange. Once that was dry, I highlighted the edges with some Boltgun Metal. This sort of battered, rusty look is really easy and looks very effective.

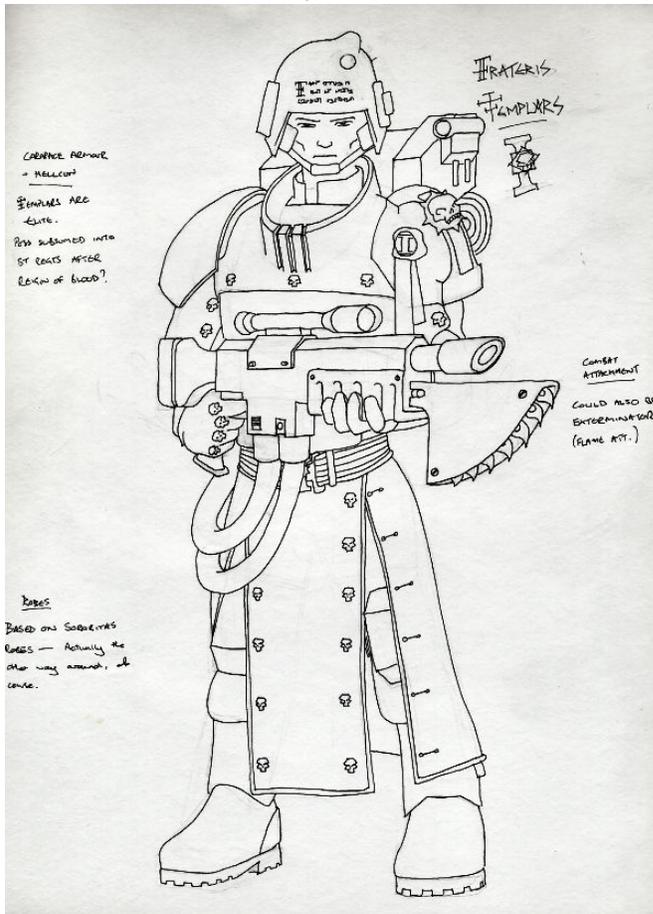
Next time

Having now built and painted my model, I have a really good idea of what sort of a chap he is: immensely strong (eviscerator in one hand, remember?), ferocious, pragmatic and smart (or, at least, smarter than he looks) with some connections and what might well be a major grudge against Redemptionists...

In the next issue, I'll be sitting down and thrashing out exactly who he is, where he got those weapons and what sort of characteristics he should have.

See you there, Acolytes!

The Inquisitor's History Book - FRATERIS TEMPLARS



The Ecclesiarchy once exercised temporal power far greater than it does in the 41st Millennium. As well as dominating the High Lords and every branch of the Adeptus Terra, the Ecclesiarchy had its own massive armed force, the Frateris Templars, who prosecuted the will of the Ecclesiarch throughout the Imperium without recourse to the High Lords or any other authority. Armed and armoured with the best the Ecclesiarchy could provide, the Templars were a feared instrument of holy might.

Now extinct, thanks to the excesses of the Reign of Blood and the settlement of the Convocation of Nephilim, the illustration to the left is taken from the notebooks of Inquisitor Zoltan Enobarbus, compiled after extensive reference to the Library of the Order of Black Priests.

Note the heavy cloth surplice over the combat fatigues, the carapace armour breastplate and the Mars pattern hellgun with chainblade combat attachment. The illustration is of a line soldier. Officers would have wielded a diverse armoury of weapons, including blessed and arcane items from the armoury-crypts of the Cardinal Worlds.



Machinations and Manipulations

Derek Gillespie and Ruaridh Dall

“A drink, Inquisitor?”

Tomashek Goddard looked up at the young man in front of him, his hand proffering him a glass of fine, deep brown liquid. The smell of the spirit hit his nostrils and travelled down his nose and throat. Rosarch brandy. Extravagant, he thought, but of delectable quality. He took the glass.

“Your master has good taste, Interrogator.”

Straight-backed and pristine in a long house jacket of light velvet, with a high collar and an air of a naval dress uniform, Richard Kuerten nodded his agreement. “That he does, Inquisitor. It is expensive, of course, but Benedict allows himself the occasional indulgence in the pursuit of duty.”

Goddard raised an eyebrow, then raised his glass and sipped. The Interrogator did the same, and continued as soon as he had finished. “Lord Saussure sends his apologies, and assures me that he will be with us forthwith. Your early arrival caught him slightly unprepared – as soon as he has changed out of his sparring clothes, he’ll be right with us. For now, he hoped you’d take the brandy as an apology.”

“An extravagant apology, but one I’m happy to accept. How often does Inquisitor Saussure have a chance to get more of this?” Goddard had a second sip, the spirit warming his mouth wonderfully.

“When ever he can, though stocks have become ever more rare since Rosarch was overrun by the Enemy. The Governor offered Benedict some from his personal stock upon our arrival. He found out that he was partial to the vintage and clearly expected the offer to sweeten our arrival.”

Goddard nodded. “Wouldn’t be the first time that nervous people tried to ingratiate themselves with the Ordos, Interrogator. This suite is also from the Governor, I believe?”

“No, my Lord. He offered, of course, but Benedict turned him down. We sorted these apartments ourselves. They’ve been thoroughly swept, of course – we’ve found no intrusion of sense probes since our arrival, though I don’t doubt that people have tried.”

Goddard fixed the Interrogator with a level stare. “Are you implying the Lord Ryan has an interest in

knowing what the Inquisition is doing on his world?”

“I’d imagine he’s interested in finding out what an Inquisitor is doing on Agripinaa and doesn’t let him know, sir. I imagine most of our brothers and sisters who have arrived over the last year or so have been very vocal in their pursuit of the servants of the Enemy. We have been somewhat quieter in our intentions.”

“And yet you’re suggesting you suspect the ruling house of Agripinaa to have attempted a deliberate subterfuge against the Ordos, Interrogator. That’s a serious charge. Have you evidence to back that up?” Goddard had put his glass down now, the drink momentarily forgotten. He leaned forward in his chair.

Kuerten turned and sat down in a chair of his own, on the opposite side of the hallway. “My apologies, Inquisitor Goddard. I may have spoken out of turn. It is probably more desirable that Benedict tells you everything we know so far.”

Goddard was about to press the matter further when the double doors at the end of the hallway slid back with a quiet hiss. The figure who emerged was wearing simple breeches and a light vest, with a waistcoat pulled over the top, and a towel draped across on shoulder. His left arm was an ornately-decorated bionic.

“Inquisitor Goddard, my apologies for keeping you waiting. Excuse my appearance - I left the combat salle as fast as I could, and I don’t think Interrogator Carter was particularly happy at me cutting my bout short. Come, sit with me in my study and I’ll tell you why I asked you to call on me ahead of schedule.” Saussure held his arm outstretched, gesturing for Goddard to walk through the double doors with him. The younger Inquisitor rose from his seat and made to enter the apartment ahead of him. Saussure smiled.

“I should tell you, Inquisitor, I have a decanter of that brandy on my desk, and I think I’ll be having a glass. You might want to bring yours along and I’ll make sure you get a second?”

Goddard stopped, turned to pick up his glass and, drink in hand, walked though the doors towards the interior study. Saussure followed immediately behind him. As he let the door begin to close, he caught Kuerten’s attention and raised an eyebrow.

The Interrogator simply nodded in the affirmative.



“Baskaran, I told you to hang back”

Kuerten turned his head back from the comm-link concealed within the faded leather of the long raincoat he wore to protect himself from the acid drizzle falling from somewhere high above him. He pushed through the crowds slowly but surely, keeping an eye on the target, and on Jules Baskaran, trailing the target by a mere five metres now. They were down in the Arches – a heavily industrialised manufacturing zone of Hive Legatus – on the trail of a recidivist cell on the verge of something big. These men weren’t any that they’d had prior contact with, but investigations had shown that they were connected to those tied in with the water cartel operations that Goddard had revealed to Saussure. Word on the street was they were on the verge of some major terrorist action, and Benedict had ordered them taken out before civilian casualties ensued. They had been on the trail of the cell for over a week now, and were following their mark back to what they had ascertained was their base of operations, but Baskaran’s lack of experience in this sort of work was running the risk of blowing the whole operation.

Kuerten tapped the comm again. “Throne damn it, Jules, you’re too close.”

“She’s moving too quickly, Interrogator. I’ll lose her in the crowd otherwise.” Baskaran’s gruff, heavy voice sounded the comm-net in reply. The mark, a woman in her late thirties dressed in drab workers’ overalls, abruptly changed direction and crossed the street, taking advantage of the motor traffic halted at the beacons. Baskaran followed her.

“You’re too close. Stay back or the target will determine your presence.” Huan Choi, seconded from Tomashek Goddard’s service for the duration of this mission, sounded entirely confident in his orders. The storm trooper was up on the gantries above the street level, pushing through the crowds of workers sampling the local beverages to wash away the pain of the day.

The woman halted a few steps after reaching the other side of the street, checking a reflection in the shop front to her right to see the people behind her. Baskaran had reached the other side of the road, in clear sight of the mark as he

attempted to push back onto the walkway. She turned around, and stared at him directly. Kuerten knew that was not the first time she’d seen him behind her. Without warning, she turned and crossed the road again, this time weaving through the ground cars as they slowly began to pull away from the crossing. Baskaran, wrong-footed, made to turn on the spot and follow her.

“Jules, keep the frak where you are!”

Too late. Frightened by the realisation that the man behind must surely have been following her, the mark broke into a run and disappeared into the crowd across the road, scattering people as she went. Baskaran charged after her, cursing himself over the comm-net for being seen. He was still easily the closest person to her from the whole Inquisitorial detail.

“I can get her, Richard – we can still make her tell us where she’s going.” Baskaran’s breath was short as he spoke while shouldering his way through the crowds, who were beginning to respond to the people pushing through their midst. Kuerten was running as well now, and he could see Choi, up above, scattering drinkers and already drunks as he shouldered his muscled frame along the gantry. The sergeant vaulted the gap between two balconies even as Kuerten watched him. Not many people were trying to get in his way.

“Mikael, can you intercept? We’re blown!”

“Negative, Interrogator. I’m incoming on your position now, though she’s not heading the way we expected any more. It’s going to take me a moment to reach you.”

Kuerten swore. As long as the local enforcer patrols didn’t get here too quickly, assuming anyone had even called them in yet, then this still might work out. He craned his neck, seeing the woman breaking from the crowds and dashing into a wide alley off to his left. She seemed to be shouting into some hand-held communicator. Baskaran was closing on her, breaking from the crowd some ten metres behind.

“Bask, keep back. We only have to know where she goes. Choi’s almost with you.” The sergeant was at the end of a gantry, and jumped fluently over the railing and into a landing roll onto the street behind Baskaran as Kuerten said the words. Baskaran didn’t let up, determined to make amends for his error. Kuerten pushed out of the crowd himself, having negotiated the traffic behind him, and was only a metre or so back himself. The mark rounded a corner, Baskaran

only a few metres behind, when an explosion stopped them in their tracks. Baskaran's body flew backwards, slamming off the wall of the alley and collapsing in a heap. Kuerten knew he was dead before he even got close.

Choi continued his run, rolling across the front of the alley the woman had turned up into, the blur of his body drawing a blast of las-fire behind him. The las-beams all missed, only further pock-marking the blast-damaged wall. Choi came to a rest with his back to the wall of whatever shop made up the end of the alleyway, and Richard stopped at the opposite corner. Durant had followed him up the alley, and looked aghast at Baskaran's corpse.

"What the frak happened? Throne!"

"Concealed frag charges – lots of them. The mark was on a comm of some sort while she was being pursued. I imagine they detonated the grenades once they saw her pursuer come around the corner." Choi stared at the corpse dispassionately. "Why didn't he follow instructions to stop?"

Kuerten scowled. "Always was a sexist bastard, Basks. Guess he didn't like screwing it up and getting caught out by a woman."

"Are all your master's staff so disobedient, Interrogator?" Choi's voice had a barely-masked tone of disapproval.

"They haven't all been through the training you have, Sergeant. However, we're going to have to put that training to use, now." He drew his sleek stubber – an Anderson Mk VI – and slammed home a fresh clip. The ammo lights flashed green. "At least we can safely say we know where she was going. We'll deal with Baskaran's body once we've come to do what Benedict asked us to."



The study was well appointed and comfortable, dominated by a large bureau desk upon which sat a small logic database, and several weighty books along with rolled parchment. The single large window overlooked a central courtyard, which in turn led back out onto the streets. Goddard had entered the apartment complex from. Two chairs sat in the middle of the room, around a low, circular table. A jug of hot liquid sat on the stone table-top. Saussure offered Goddard his pick of the chairs, and picked up the jug.

"Recaf, Inquisitor? Or some water, maybe?"

"No, thank you, Lord Saussure."

"Benedict, please. No reason to stand on any formality, Tomashek. How are your investigations proceeding? Anything else on the follow-up from the water cartel work?"

Goddard sat down as Saussure poured himself a glass of water. He seemed to have abandoned the notion of a glass of brandy, though the decanter was sitting atop a series of drawers against the wall.

"There's still a few loose ends we have to tidy up", began Goddard, "but the trail has gone a little dry. I'm confident there are connections between many of these cells, so if we manage to make a breakthrough on one front I'm confident the rest will follow."

Saussure nodded. "My sentiments as well, Inquisitor. Hopefully we've got a break after the firefight in the Arches last night."

"My commiserations on your loss during the operation. I understand from Choi that one of your staff was killed. Was he with you long?"

"Not a very long space of time. Basarkan joined the staff just over a year ago on the back of a chase-and-capture operation in the Sumerian Gulf. He was a capable enough fighter, but always erring on the rash side. I thought I'd managed to discourage such tendencies from him in the last few months but, from what Richard told me, it was rash action that ended up getting him killed. I can't imagine your Storm Trooper was too impressed?"

Goddard smiled a thin smile. "I'd be lying if I said that he hadn't made mention of a certain amount of indiscipline on the part of the deceased. Choi is a consummate soldier, Inquisitor, and tends to frown upon those who can't meet his rather exacting standards. I hope he didn't offend anyone from your staff with his brusqueness?"

The older man shook his head. "Not at all. In fact, Richard was most impressed, and reminded me to formally thank you for attaching him to us for the operation. I'm informed he acquitted himself admirably."



More suppressive fire from Choi's snub-nosed las-carbine allowed Kuerten the chance to roll into cover behind Durant and the hulking storm trooper, some five metres into the recessed alleyway. They kept their heads down for a second as a hail of return fire flew over the lip of the large refuse crusher they were using as a barricade.

"Head count, Mikael?", inquired the Interrogator, checking his stubber.

"I make it five hostiles, Richard. The woman's there too, and I've no idea if there's anyone else inside." Durant had a sardonic grin on his face. He was enjoying the fact that bullets were flying again. His shotgun was pumped and ready in his hands.

Choi cut in. "I doubt there are any further targets within the structure, Interrogator. Their fire patterns are erratic, which suggests a lack of professionalism or training."

"So you mean they're panicked, and so they've probably put every available gun up against us?", Richard concluded. "I agree. Sergeant, I noticed that the wall of this alley isn't too high off to our left on my way up to you – can you see how easy it will be to get over quickly?"

Choi nodded confirmation of his assessment, and peered around the edge of their makeshift barricade. Behind him, Durant cracked off two blasts from his shotgun in retaliation at the continued thumps of gunfire hitting the metal of the crusher. "Not hard, Interrogator. It looks as though it may bypass this property entirely. I believe it may even allow access to the rear."

It was Kuerten's turn to nod. "That's exactly what I was hoping for. Do you two think you can handle things from the front, while I try to circle around and surprise them? Bear in mind that taking someone alive may be of use."

Both men voiced their ascent, and Richard gave a quick countdown. Upon reaching zero, Choi and Durant opened up with a prolonged volley towards the low wall behind which the recidivists were sheltered, allowing Richard to throw himself from behind cover and scabble up and across the lip of the wall. By the time Choi and Durant dropped back into cover, Richard was down in a tight alleyway, and his progress had been unobserved. Seeing him scabble to safety, Durant turned to Choi, hunkered down behind the pock-marked barricade once more.

"Smoke and light, Sergeant?" The Ward held his hand out. Two smoke grenades sat in the palm of his hand, and he toyed with a photon flash in the other. "Follow up immediately after the detonation. Mark the targets on the way in?"

"Agreed. We need to make this quick. And we need one of them alive."

"On my mark. Three, two... mark."

Durant primed and threw the three grenades over his shoulder and towards the sheltered positions the recidivists had taken up around the low walls of the hab-building that was clearly their base of operations. There was a second's pause, then the concussive blast of the grenades rolled out. Both men were up and running in a second, charging across the short patch of open ground towards the hab. A cloud of acrid grey smoke rolled across the front of the building and, even as they charged, a dazed man staggered drunkenly out of the thick mass. His hands were to his eyes, and he never even saw the fist that Durant smashed across his jaw, causing him to drop like a puppet with strings cut. Choi sped on, hurling himself across the wall, and landing on top of another man, nonsensical from photon grenade. Choi dispatched him while barely breaking stride. Durant barrelled behind him, seeing another shape loom from the smoke. The Ward smashed the traitor against the wall of the hab, accompanied by the sound of bones breaking. The man feebly swung arms at Durant, but he barely felt the blows, and connected his head with the bridge of the man's nose. He gurgled and fell silent.

The smoke parted slightly. "Door's open," Choi gestured. "It was closed before. Someone's dived inside. There's still at least two in there."

Durant nodded, and racked the slide of the shotgun once more. He paused just long enough to let Choi arm his carbine, then pirouetted around the door frame and unleashed a blast from both barrels of his gun. There was a scream from inside the block, and Durant ducked quickly as a las-blast seared into the near wall. Presented with an opening, Choi threw himself in front of Durant and onto his stomach, unerringly determining the likely location of the shooter from having seen the first shot. His carbine barked twice, and a woman slumped to the ground, joining the other female corpse on the floor. Blood leaked from the scatter of a shotgun blast. It must have been less than a minute since they were behind the crusher outside. Choi allowed himself a glance over his shoulder, checking Durant was unharmed. The Ward had his shotgun trained

upon the back wall, and indicated that Choi should follow his gaze. There was a back door, and it was open.

“At least one of them went out there.”



“I think we’ve ascertained where these recidivists plan to attack next, Tomashek.” Saussure stated the fact plainly, fixing the younger Inquisitor with his blue-grey eyes as his bionic fingers ran through the close-cropped hair on his chin. He took another drink of water, and continued.

“You are familiar with the generatorium on the third tier?”

Goddard nodded. “The one we’d heard rumblings about, regarding infiltration of its staff by dissident personnel.”

“Indeed,” Benedict said. “We had a break. An item fell into our possession that we were able to extract a useful data stream from. Organisational material mainly, but it gave us a name. Havel Erridor.”

“That being?” Saussure could see the Goddard was interested, but detected more than a hint of annoyance in his tone. Saussure didn’t want to give the impression he was playing theatrics, so pressed on.

“An Administratum overseer, Quaternary level. He worked in the data-stack repository near the Legatus Collegium. I had Sark and Durant pay him a visit, and invite him into their confidence, posing as Agitators with a grudge against authorities. I don’t think he expected to find himself waking up in the custody of the Inquisition when he set off.”

“You have him here?” Goddard was intent now, leaning forward in his chair at the prospect of a concrete lead.

“Indeed we do. You are more than welcome to visit him after leaving here, of course. However, there was little he was able to hide from Sark – telepaths have a certain flamboyance when it comes to effective interrogation.” There was a pause. “They’re hitting the Celestian cargo port, Tomashek. Or at least, they plan to.”

Goddard shook his head. “Insane. That place is locked down tightly.”

“Not since the invasion, it isn’t. Security has been depleted and moved off to the Azure Gate dock. The Azure Gate tends to handle shipments directly tied to possessions of the Lords Ryan, and they’ve obviously decided that to be a higher priority.”

“But the Celestian must be the busier of the two, surely?”

“It most certainly is, Inquisitor. There’s a shipment due in three days, high-value acidic ores. Ores that are also extremely shock-sensitive. They’re planning on blowing it up, Tomashek – good, old-fashioned terrorism to further their cause. And their plans are sound – I’m sure they’ll succeed if we don’t intervene.” Saussure got up out of his chair, and headed over to the bureau. Goddard turned his head to follow him.

“Proposal, Benedict? Intercept them just before they attempt it. They won’t have a chance if they’re not expecting interruption.”

Saussure looked up from his desk. “I’d agree, but there’s a better option. Erridor gave up the location of one of their central bolt-holes. We can take them out before they even get close to the Celestian. I called you here to let you ask Erridor anything you like, and to ask if you’ll agree to a joint operation at the Cathedral San Ethusias?”

“Of course, Benedict, of course. I’ll take part myself. I need to ask, though – this break you had that led to all of this coming to light. What was it?”

Saussure picked up a small data-tablet from his desk, and walked back over to Goddard, who got up out of his chair to take it from Saussure’s outstretched hand. “That’s where we got it from, Tomashek. We recovered that from the Arches raid last night. Very interesting document, really. No wonder they were trying hard to get it away from the premises once they were attacked. Records pertaining three separate recidivist cells, I surmise. You’re welcome to all of it, of course. The really interesting thing is the data-signature attached to one of the names on that tablet. Third from bottom.”

Goddard scrolled using the stylus. “Sotherton?”

“Indeed,” Saussure said. “False, of course, but someone was careless with the machine-identifier. “Sotherton” appears to be one Joshem Garnek. Do you know the name?”

Goddard nodded, a troubled look on his face. “Garnek’s the under-secretary to the Procurator

Marshal on Agripinaa. The right-hand man of the head of civil trade and procurement.”

Saussure took the tablet back, his face like stone. “Quite right, and the Procurator Marshal himself, one of the highest Administratum officials on this blighted planet, is Cato Ryan – brother of Echivar Ryan, Lord Agripinaa. Our rot to be excised appears to go higher than we expected.”



Kuerten could hear the gunfire explode into life from the front of the building as he slipped back over the wall and into the shadows behind a stack of empty crates. Even as he paused, the noise grew, and he heard a scream from the inside of the building. Through a small, slit-like window high on the back wall, he saw the interior illuminated by the muzzle flash of a substantial gun, and noises from inside reported the breaking of furnishings. He started forwards, beginning to head for a ram-shackle looking rear door, but dropped back into cover as the door flew open and a man bolted towards his position.

From within the confines of his long coat, he slipped a razor-sharp knife into his hand and waited the moment it would take the man to reach him. At the point the man was near to level with his hiding place, he spun on his heel and placed himself directly in the runner’s path. There was barely time for the man to register Kuerten’s presence before the knife slid smoothly up, under his rib cage and pierced his lungs. He fell, bodily, into Kuerten, hands grasping in a futile attempt to stay upright, his eyes focussing on those of his killer. The Interrogator stared back, and drove the knife further into the dying man.

“You will serve a purpose in your death, traitor.” Kuerten whispered, and lowered the man to the ground as his body went limp. From within the building ahead of him, las-rounds sounded, and the noise ceased. Pulling his knife free with one hand, he reached into another interior pocket of his coat with the free hand, and lifted a data-slate out into the faded, flickering light of the alleyway. This slate was slipped into the belt of the warm corpse at his feet, and he stood up, slipping his gloves off and putting them back in the exterior pockets of his coat.

Movement at the door caused him to whip his stubber up, still standing over the corpse, knife in hand. Sergeant Huan Choi looked back, las-carbine aimed at him. There was a long pause, then the guns were lowered.

“Well met, Sergeant. Is the property clear?”

“It is, Interrogator. I feared one had got away.”

Kuerten gestured to the body at his feet. “I only saw this one come out, Sergeant. There was a regrettable struggle. I fear he is of no use to us any more.”

Choi considered this, stepping forward. “He must have been running for a reason, sir. The others stayed to cover him. If I may?” He gestured to the body.

“Of course, Sergeant, please do. Is Durant wounded?”

“No, sir. He’s just checking the interior.”

Kuerten stepped away from the body and swapped positions with the sergeant, who crouched low over the body and began rifling through his clothing. Kuerten saw Durant scanning the interior of the cluttered building, finding little, by the look of things. He was about to go inside when Choi’s voice stopped him.

“Interrogator, I have something here you might want to look at.”

Kuerten turned around. The Sergeant was holding up a data-slate.

Inquisitor: Dark Fortress

By Robey Jenkins

The following article is the campaign pack for the Dark Fortress Campaign Day played at Warhammer World in March 2007 (yes, 2007 – it took me a long time to get it ready for publication – Robey). If you think you might play this campaign, note that this part of the article includes a GM's Handbook. Don't ruin it for yourself by reading this if you aren't going to be the GM!

'Have you heard? Hastor is free.'
'Already? Then —'
'Yes, we can reach the Dark Fortress. Its secrets can be ours!'
'We will have to move fast. Who knows?'
'I have kept it from the High Lords. The Departmento is ignorant. But who can account for the Novator or Mars? Or the Astartes, for that matter?'
'But our order?'
'How do expect me to keep things from the Inquisition? Some will know. The smart ones.'
'Yes, it's always such a shame to have to destroy the smart ones...'

Hastor is free.

The whisper has spread along the underground rumour chains and in the corridors of secret power: the warp storms that made navigation to ancient Hastor, oldest stronghold of the Inquisition, impossible for over six millennia, have calmed.

The nature of Hastor – even its existence – has been one of the Inquisition's most closely-guarded secrets since it was lost. Even now, those who have heard the name must suspect that what they think they know is no better than misinformation, half-truth and lies.

What was Hastor?

Some say it was the first research station of the renegade followers of Promeus and Morana, captured by the Orders and sealed forever. Others whisper that it was the storehouse of weapons abandoned on Holy Terra by the fleeing Traitor Legions – vile, twisted machines of awesome, terrible power. One group has heard that Hastor was the site of an experiment designed by the Emperor Himself to create a portal into the Eldar Webway, allowing humanity to travel between the stars without facing the perils of the Warp.

Perhaps it is one of these. Perhaps it is something yet stranger. There is, ultimately, only one way to know, and that is to go there and find out for yourself...

'So, Inquisitor,' smiled Duke Jethro, his luxuriant moustaches twitching with amusement, 'if this "Hastor" you speak of is of such value, why trust its exploration to one whom you have previously described as "an unscrupulous rake with the morals of a lashworm"?''

Inquisitor Enobarbus did not return the charming Rogue Trader's smile.

'Because, Jethro, it is entirely in character for someone like you to go haring in where he doesn't belong if the money is good enough. And I cannot afford to be seen to be involved.'

'Is the money good enough?'

Zoltan Enobarbus slid a slim, nondescript metal case across the table. With a wave of his hand, he unlatched the gene-secured lid, which popped open to reveal its contents to the avaricious merchant.

The money was, indeed, good enough...



Welcome to the Dark Tower

This campaign was written especially for the Spring Conclave 2007 at Warhammer World. However, there's no reason why you can't run this in your local wargaming club, at home or at school. In fact, given more time to play out the games, form cells and work out the puzzles, you might even get more out of it.

The requirements of the campaign are relatively simple:

- Each player must have:
 - 1-3 models.
 - A character sheet for each model.

Excepting dice, rules, tape measures, tables and terrain, that's it, really. Everything else you need is contained in this campaign pack.

Inquisitor: Dark Fortress is a puzzle campaign. This means that whilst it has conventional scenarios for you to play, in which there should be plenty of action, winning needs more than mere firepower. Success brings clues to the solution to the puzzle and forming alliances with fellow players will allow you to pool your knowledge – although it will dilute the glory of victory!

'Angau'solerant is not for you, mon-keigh. Leave this place, or your foolish interference will hasten the End for all of us.'

Objective

Players must achieve scenario goals in order to unlock the Hastor Diagram (which can be found at the end of this article). With this, they will be able to plan the route they will take to reach the centre of the Dark Fortress.

Exactly how the Hastor Diagram is used is described below. Suffice to say that players can choose either to try to reach the heart of the Dark Fortress as quickly as possible, or to spend some time exploring its infinite riches. Both paths have their pitfalls and advantages and it is up to you to decide what tactics to follow.

Acquiring the Hastor Diagram

You acquire your first piece of the Hastor Diagram by taking part in the first scenario. If you miss this, arrive late or join the campaign after the first scenario then your only chance of acquiring a piece is to join a Cell that will share their own pieces of the diagram, or to take part in the Hastor Confrontation.

Cells

In the first scenario, players get the opportunity to form a Cell. Any players not aligned in a Cell at the end of the first scenario may petition to join one. You may only join one Cell and each Cell may have no more than three players. Cells may share their pieces of the Hastor Diagram, but all members of the Cell must travel by the same route to the Heart.

The Hastor Confrontation

Once you've formed your cells, you may find that you don't have the minimum three different pieces that you will need to get to the Heart, or you may believe that a fourth piece is essential to good planning. Alternatively, you may not have joined a cell and want to get your hands on more pieces of the Diagram all for yourself, or have joined the campaign late and been left with no option but to go into battle for your piece of the Hastor Diagram. More deviously, you may have everything you need, but want to obstruct or impede other players and Cells from getting their hands on the route to the Heart.

The next three scenarios are your chance to do so. Each cell may commit one, two or all of its members to each scenario in the Hastor Confrontation. If you play the campaign with multiple tables and multiple GMs, then you can concentrate your cell's effort on a single table, or divide your forces in the hope of winning even more pieces (or just preventing others from doing so).

Using the Hastor Diagram

When you have at least three different parts of the Hastor Diagram, you will be able to plot a course to the heart of the Dark Fortress. Along the path you trace, you will find both numbers and “I” symbols. Adding up the numbers will tell you how long it takes you, by any given path, to reach your objective. Note that the internal dimensions of the Dark Fortress are twisted and confused, so the distance that appears on the diagram does not equate to the numbers. So although a route may seem short on the Diagram, it may actually be surprisingly long.

The symbols, meanwhile, represent encounters. These may equip you with exciting new weapons, unlock immense powers, or simply lead your characters into terrible peril. You won’t know what encounters you will face until you give the Event Manager your planned route and you enter the Exploration Phase.

POST-GAME ADMIN

All ammunition is recovered for all weapons after each scenario. However, ammunition expended during the Exploration Phase is not recovered before the *Final Confrontation* unless an Encounter explicitly permits such.

After each scenario and before moving on to the next phase, players should pair up with someone not from their Cell, under the GM’s supervision and work out damage and injury as follows:

Divide all Injury points by 2. If the character ended the game with no locations suffering any damage more severe than Heavy, subtract an additional -20 Injury points down to a minimum of 0.

Any Light or Heavy injuries are recovered automatically. For locations suffering Serious, Acute or Crippled results, roll a D6 and consult the table below:

	Result
1	All damage to the location is recovered, plus an additional 20 Injury points, down to 0.
2	All damage to the location is recovered, plus an additional 10 Injury points, down to 0.
3	Reduce the damage level by 3.
4	Reduce the damage level by 2.
5	Reduce the damage level by 1.
6+	Due to the severity of his injuries, the character must miss the next scenario but will be completely recovered after this. If the next scenario is the Exploration Phase, the character takes no further part in the campaign.

Rolls on the table above are modified according to the level of damage suffered by the location at the end of the game, as follows:

Crippled	+3
Acute	+2
Serious	+1



Exploration Phase Encounters Table

For each “I” symbol that each Cell (solo players constitute a Cell of one for the purposes of this campaign) elects to visit on their route, roll 2D6 and consult the table below:

2D6 Roll	Encounter
2	Chaos Unleashed!! Every model in the Cell loses one level of damage on a randomly-generated body-part. In addition, roll a D6 for each model in the Cell. On a 6+, this model has been annihilated by powers too terrible to comprehend.
3-4	Guardian Drones! The Cell run into guardian drones and must engage in a bitter fight to avoid being killed. Roll a D6 for each character. On a 1, the character sustains 2D6+2 injury and damage to a random location. Each character expends D6 rounds of ammunition from one weapon (player’s choice) – on a roll of 1, all ammo is expended from that weapon.
5-6	Ammunition Bunker. Every model in the Cell may replenish its ammunition to the level they began the campaign.
7	Nothing of interest here.
8-9	Medical Bay. Make a Toughness test for each wounded model in the Cell. On a 4+, the model recovers D3 injury point, <i>and</i> one level of injury on one location (player’s choice).
10-11	Data console. The Cell has stumbled upon a detailed map of the complex and may subtract 1000 from its journey total. This result is cumulative.
12	Teleport!! Unexpectedly, the whole cell finds itself teleported directly to the central chamber. Roll no more encounters. The Cell is automatically on the table on Turn One of <i>Final Confrontation</i> .

Game Master's Pack

The documents that follow this are for the GM's eyes only. If you are a player in the *Inquisitor: Dark Fortress* campaign, go no further.

The campaign is designed to be played in a single day for a number of players between 4 and 20. You will need, on average, one GM for every 4 players in the campaign. If you play the campaign over several meetings, this may be fewer as some players will not be able to make every meeting, but it's a good rule of thumb. So a campaign with 16 players will need 20 participants, as 4 people will be acting as GMs.

Alternatively, you may be able to find some players prepared to act as GMs on a one-off basis. In this case, be careful how much access to details they receive.

Campaign Structure

The campaign follows a compound structure: the first and last scenarios are linear, whilst the central scenarios are nodal. So all players play *Opening Gambit*; players may play as many or as few of the scenarios from *the Hastor Confrontation* as they please and then anyone who survives this experience then goes on to the Exploration Phase and *Final Confrontation*. Survival is not guaranteed and an incautious player may well find himself on the sidelines for the final scenario.

Each game should take between 45 minutes and an hour except the last which, depending on how many players take part, may last up to two hours.

GM's Guidance Notes

If in doubt, make a decision and stick to it. If the problem is in-game, then your word is law and no dissent should be tolerated. If the problem arises from the mechanics of the campaign itself – the recovery table or the Encounter Phase – then the Event Manager should be available to be the final arbiter of any decision.

OPENING GAMBIT

"And there came unto that place Men of blood and steel, and treachery was sewn amongst their ranks for jealous was each for Lost Hastor."

- The Prophecies of Tomothi, Ch 2

This scenario has the potential to be very short, but the build-up of tension should make it worthwhile in any case.

The Principle PCs are each privy to the news that Hastor - lost fortress of the shadowy brotherhood that preceded the Inquisition - has been rediscovered. This meeting should be to form an alliance of minds and make common cause to head for Hastor and unlock her secrets. But each is keenly aware that one or all the others may be tempted beyond restraint. Every bath could be a prelude to betrayal!

SET-UP

The terrain may be any lay-out or environment you please. Ideally, there should be a central clearing or marker to represent the rendezvous, but this isn't essential.

The GM picks a rendezvous point on the tabletop. The Principle PCs begin the game set up in Speed order, no more than six yards from the rendezvous point and no more than six yards from each other.

Once the PPCs are set up, followers then set up in Speed order, anywhere on the table but not within 12 yards of another character.

All pistols and melee weapons are slung, holstered or sheathed at the start of the game. Basic and Heavy weapons may be carried as normal.

TURN ONE

The first turn is played out a bit differently. All followers may take actions as normal but may not shoot, charge or draw a weapon. When these are finished, the PPCs then work out their order of play, by dividing their Ld by 20, rounding to the nearest 1, plus 1 (in other words, like Speed, but with Ld instead of I).

They then roll, in order, to see how many *Argue* actions they may make. For each successful *Argue* action, each PPC may roll one D6 and record the result.

When each PPC has made his arguments, compare the results. PPCs that have at least one D6 showing the same number have formed an alliance. If a PPC has more than one D6 showing numbers that the other players have, he may choose with which to ally.

Example: Inquisitor Nemesov meets with Magos Ghuul and Lady Delilah von Gotha. Nemesov's rolls three Argue actions and, being keen to achieve consent, chooses to attempt all three, getting 5, 3 and 1. Delilah is also agreeable and rolls all her actions, getting 5 and 1. Ghuul, despite having the opportunity to roll three actions, is a natural loner and therefore rolls only one, getting a 3.

Nemesov shares a 1 and 5 with Delilah and a 3 with Ghuul. He may, therefore, choose to ally with either. Recognizing a treacherous villain when he sees one, he decides to side with Delilah.

TURN TWO

If you play this scenario with three players as recommended, one of three outcomes should have come from Turn One: all three are on the same side; two are on one side with one on the other, or no alliances have been formed. If everyone is now on the same side, then the scenario ends immediately. In any other case, it is time for the argument to devolve into something bloodier. Those who have allied form a side and the different sides must now try to inflict as much damage upon their opponents as possible before the end of the game.

ENDING THE GAME

The game ends either at a predetermined time (I recommend taking no more than 45 minutes over the game from start to finish) or when all but one side have left the table.

DEAD SLOW

"And in that time were many strange alliances formed..."

- The Prophecies of Tomothi, Ch 3

One Cell is engaged in a lengthy journey to deliver a key asset to an influential contact. However, despite taking every effort to remain incognito, word of their mission has leaked out and others lie in ambush.

OBJECTIVES

Escorting Cell – To reach the far edge of the table with the asset intact.

Ambushing Cells – To capture the asset and flee the table by any table edge with it intact.

SET-UP

The terrain may be any lay-out or environment you please. Ideally, there should be a corridor running from one short board edge to another (or from one corner to another if using a 4'x4' board), but this isn't essential.

The Escorting Cell must have all its characters at least 36 yards from one short board edge, plus 6 yards for every character in the team. They must reach the far board edge. The asset may be represented by whatever you like, but is treated in all respects as a piece of equipment, staying in base contact with whichever Cell member is carrying it. It is assumed to have only one hit location and armour 6 and is able to take up to 40 Injury points before being considered dead or destroyed.

The other Cells may enter the table from any direction, in the normal order, but may not enter the table on the same table edge as a member of another Cell in the same turn.

Weapons are assumed to be held at the ready. Players whose characters have more than two weapons should specify which are held at the start of the game, otherwise the character will be assumed to be as the model appears.

PLAYING THE GAME

The game is run normally in all respects.

In order to take the asset from the character "carrying" it, the carrying character must be *stunned*, *unconscious*, *out of action* or *dead*. The asset may be passed to other Cell members at any time. Passing takes one Action.

ENDING THE GAME

The game ends either at a predetermined time (I recommend taking no more than 45 minutes over the game from start to finish) or when all but one side have left the table.

If the game ends and neither Cell has achieved its objective then the piece of the Diagram will go to whichever side has the asset in its possession at the end of the game.



TRADE INTERRUPTED

"The words and pacts of those touched by Hastor will be as chaff upon the wind."

- The Prophecies of Tomothi, Ch 3

Two Cells have met to make a trade, but others are poised to snatch the spoils for themselves. This is a rare opportunity to swap a duplicate piece of the map for another piece that may be one you're looking for. Alternatively, the opportunity is there to get two pieces for only one scenario!

OBJECTIVES

Trading Cells – Either to trade assets and flee or, if a trade cannot be made, to snatch what goods one can before legging it.

Ambushing Cells – To break up the trade and mug at least one of the traders.

SET-UP

The terrain may be any lay-out or environment you please. Ideally, there should be a clear space near the centre where the trade is to take place, but this isn't essential.

The Trading Cells may start the game anywhere on the table, but not within 12 yards of a non-allied character. One PPC in each Trading Cell must have an asset for trade. The asset may be represented by whatever you like, but is treated in all respects as a piece of equipment, staying in base contact with whichever Cell member is carrying it. It cannot be destroyed or killed.

The other Cells may enter the table from any direction, in the normal order, but may not enter the table on the same table edge as a member of another Cell in the same turn.

Weapons are assumed to be held at the ready. Players whose characters have more than two weapons should specify which are held at the start of the game, otherwise the character will be assumed to be as the model appears.

RUNNING THE GAME

The game is run normally in all respects.

In order to trade an asset, the characters carrying them must move within *arm's length*. It takes one action to swap the assets.

In order to take an asset from a character "carrying" it, the carrying character must be *stunned*, *unconscious*, *out of action* or *dead*.

ENDING THE GAME

The game ends either at a predetermined time (I recommend taking no more than 60 minutes over the game from start to finish) or when all the assets have left the table.

If the Trading Cells have swapped assets and either left the table or are still in possession of the asset at the end of the game, they may make a trade of any one piece of the Hastor Diagram held by their Cell. They may not examine the other Cell's piece before making the trade.

If an Ambushing Cell has one or more assets in its possession at the end of the game then they receive one piece of the Hastor Diagram for each asset held from the GM.

If the Trading Cells have not exchanged assets and the Ambushing Cells have not captured any assets, no one gets anything at the end.

GM Note: A devious Cell may attempt to perform a Trade and then snatch back the asset they handed over by force. This sort of reprehensible amorality is to be encouraged – if they manage to do it, award them an extra piece from your own deck for extra ruthlessness!

TRIAL BY COMBAT

"The agents of the Inquisition will dance like puppets to the tune of forces more powerful than they can comprehend."

- The Prophecies of Tomothi, Ch 9

Several Cells have been brought together by a shadowy sponsor with promises of hints and clues, only to discover that they have been lured into a dangerous game of cat and mouse. At the end of this scenario, the piece of the Hastor Diagram on offer will go to the last Cell standing. Hang onto your hats, because it's gonna get bloody!

OBJECTIVES

Eliminate all members of other competing Cells by any means possible.

SET-UP

The terrain may be any lay-out or environment you please.

RUNNING THE GAME

This one's easy, but GMs may wish to impose penalties on Cells with notably powerful characters in them or give bonuses to those with less awe-inspiring characters. Note that merely having greater numbers on one side is not grounds to deserve penalties: it's just a sign of good planning!

ENDING THE GAME

The game ends either at a predetermined time (I recommend taking no more than 60 minutes over the game from start to finish) or when only one Cell is left on the table with members not *out of action*.

Note that characters with *True Grit* will still count as *out of action*, even if they still have the capacity to recover.



FINAL CONFRONTATION

"And when all is done, a rare few will be witness to the most terrible -."

- The Prophecies of Tomothi, Ch11 (unfinished)

The Cells and characters that made it through the Hastor Confrontation and the Exploration Phase now meet up at the heart of the Hastor Labyrinth: the Dark Fortress itself. And what they find there has the potential to change the galaxy forever!

OBJECTIVES

Players are free to continue working as Cells or to pursue their own agenda at this stage. The ultimate objective is to claim as many of the Hastor Stones as possible and – and this is important – *not* use them in the course of the scenario.

SET-UP

The terrain may be any lay-out or environment you please, but a tunnel complex, cityscape or similar will best give the feeling of the crumbling heart of the ancient Dark Fortress.

RUNNING THE GAME

The Cells enter the table in the order of the totals they generated navigating the Hastor Diagram, unless they found a Teleporter, in which case they begin the game at a random point selected by the GM. Members of a Cell that teleports to the tabletop must begin the game filling the smallest possible area for the number of members in the Cell.

Those who generated the lowest figure on the Diagram enter the table on Turn One, with other Cells arriving in order. Cells that generated the same figure enter on the same turn but must enter from different table edges – roll a D6 to determine who chooses first.

Scattered around the tabletop are a number of Hastor Stones. It takes one Action to use a stone and anyone using a stone is instantly healed of all injury and damage. This includes ancient damage repaired with the use of bionics. Any character with bionics who uses a Hastor Stone will be *stunned* for one turn as the power of the Hastor Stone evicts the bionic parts (a potentially gruesome sight for those with bionic organs!) and re-grows the organic original. Bionic brains are not affected as they are considered to be an augmentation to the original rather than a replacement.

Characters may leave the table at any time and by any table edge when they think they have as many Hastor Stones as they can get away with.

ENDING THE GAME

The game ends either at a predetermined time (I recommend taking no more than 120 minutes over the game from start to finish) or when all of the Hastor Stones have been used or removed from the table.

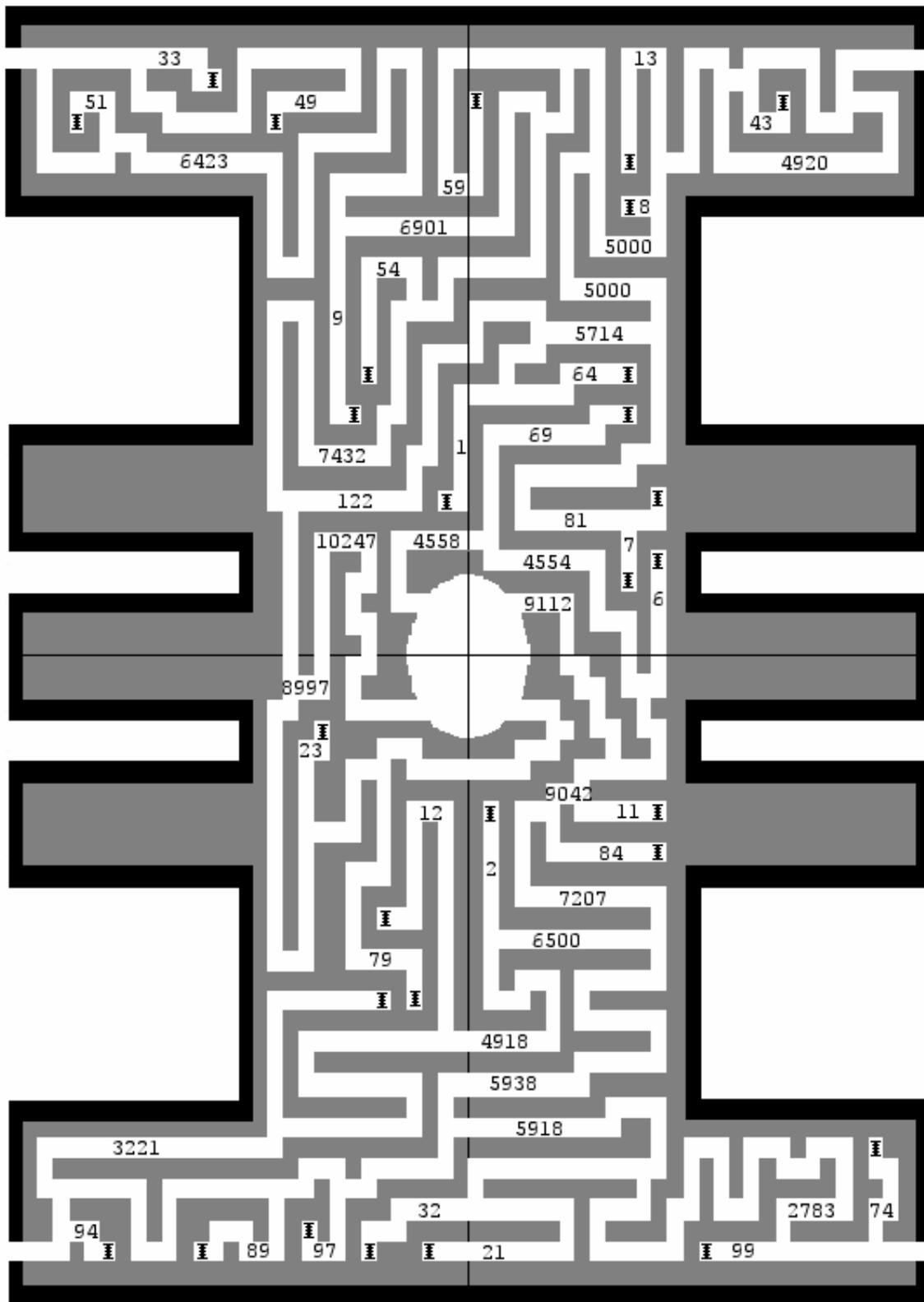
A FINAL NOTE

Players should be encouraged to speculate on the origins of the Hastor Stones. There are few clues in the Dark Fortress, but what there is seems to imply that they are the result of a sophisticated combination of Eldar and human technology, probably dating back to shortly after the Emperor's Ascension.

If the players can't work out the massive potential ramifications of the Hastor Stones to the Imperium, they don't deserve to play!



THE HASTOR DIAGRAM



Exploring the Dark Fortress

A Confidential Report from the Ordos Terran

The habit of *Inquisitor* players arranging irregular meets a few times a year at Warhammer World goes back to 2005. At first, it was simply a day to meet new friends, involving little more than a string of pick-up games on whatever tables the Warhammer World staff could spare, working around the 28mm terrain with our 54mm models as well as we could. But as the turnouts increased and – more importantly – as those of us attending gradually got to know one another both on and off the tabletop, a taste grew for something more ambitious.

Dark Fortress was far from the first of these more ambitious ventures. Its predecessors included the *Dark Stars* campaign, *Architecture of Hate* (available to download on the Specialist Games website), as well as the trial run of what was to become the 2007 *Inquisitor* Grand Tournament. But it was notable for another reason that explains why – somewhat belatedly – I am finally writing the day's report: for it was at this event, in March 2007, that the idea of *Dark Magenta* was first born, over coffee in Bugman's Bar as the day's events were dissected.

First Principles

Writing a campaign for Warhammer World is no simple task. For a start one has little idea of what terrain one will get to use. That Warhammer World staff – God bless 'em – will do their best to find stuff that's suitable but it does tend to be a bit hit and miss as to whether you get an industrial underhive, a ruined cityscape, an abandoned mining installation or just a plain field with hills and rivers and trees. So the campaign had to allow the action to take place on any sort of terrain.

To address this problem, I decided that the main action of the campaign would involve the players trying to track down the whereabouts of the location that would form the final scenario. As this would involve plenty of planet-hopping, it made perfect sense that the different scenarios would be played on entirely different worlds and that the exact terrain would be easy to vary from one game to another.

The next problem I had was that there was no way to know for sure who would be coming and – even for those who I could count on to turn up – it was even harder to know who or what their principle Player Characters would be. So I had to arrange the distribution of "motivations" as broadly as possible.

To even it out, after a bit of brainstorming and some play-testing¹, I decided not to outline specific motivations (as I had on previous events) but to allow the players to dictate their own personal objectives within the main objective (find "Hastor", whatever that might turn out to be). I decided to make this even more in the spirit of *Inquisitor* by allowing (and, indeed, encouraging) players to form "cells".

Of course, I wasn't quite sure how I'd do this in the end...

Building the Dark Fortress

One thing I love in a campaign is anything that encourages players to try to stab each other in the back or form unlikely alliances that might jeopardize the purity of their vision. In fact, I love the smell of radicalism in the morning...

So the idea of players fighting to complete a map quickly occurred to me. So I designed a map. But it couldn't just be any map. In fact, in the whole campaign, designing this map took me more time than anything else. It was painstakingly drawn on MS Paint, pixel by pixel (nearly). And I still didn't get it right, but more of that later. You can see a copy of the map at the end of this article.

Destroying the Dark Fortress

Well, breaking it up, anyway. The map didn't really represent a map of or to Hastor (the lost planet of the Dark Fortress). It represented the web of information and intelligence that the players used to find their way

¹ "Play-testing" is often assumed to mean running games on tabletops. But when designing a campaign, a lot of play-testing can be done with pencil and paper, simply imagining the possible outcomes of any given scenario and following the strands to see where they go. Play-testing your campaigns in this fashion is essential before running them, because players are annoyingly unpredictable.

there. So, as no one got the whole picture from the off, I cut the map up into four parts over which the players would be able to fight and ally to their hearts' content (or for at least three games, anyway!).

The Big Day Arrives!

I love the A1(M) on Saturday mornings. It's so deliciously empty. But I was still a bag of nerves. I always am before putting one of my carefully-crafted plans into effect. Had I remembered all the pieces? Had I got enough maps?² Had the WHW staff remembered to reserve my tables? Was I going to break down³, get lost⁴ or get sucked into a spontaneous wormhole⁵?

But after a wild goose chase around the centre of Nottingham, as Dave Laithwaite (one of my three volunteer GMs who also included Ben Hulston and... someone else who will no doubt beat me around the head for forgetting who he was) and I collected the car-less from the station, we made it to Warhammer World on time and more or less in one piece. So, wasting time only to admire the Dark Angels display in the main hall, I set to organizing the fifteen players we had arrive.

Each player got one piece of the map if they arrived in time to play the first scenario. **Opening Gambit**, the first scenario, which you can see elsewhere in this issue, gave players the possibility of forming a cell or alliance with one or more other players. The scenario has the potential to be very short (if everyone agrees with everyone else), but if it goes well (or not well, depending on your point of view) then it can quickly become an elaborate and deadly conflict, as the three principle PCs begin the game clustered together.

I lucked out (well, I was the organizer!) and grabbed the cool 54mm abandoned mining complex table. All three players on my table – by sheer coincidence – were Rogue Traders (or posing as traders) and whilst two of them quickly came to terms, the third found himself isolated and outgunned. It was a thrilling ride, then, to see him dramatically punch down one of his enemies, parry the treacherous third's cowardly attack and gun him down at close range.

The period between the first scenario and the rest of the campaign – *The Hastor Confrontation* – was spent with those who had formed cells seeking to recruit a third member to their teams in the hope of getting three different (or even just *two* different) pieces of the map. With the battle lines drawn, therefore, we moved on to the campaign's second part, in which the players battled to win parts of the Hastor Diagram from their opponents. The cells had the choice of focussing their efforts on a single scenario (in which case they would almost certainly win, unless their opponents did the same, but would win only a single new piece of the map) or spreading their forces across two or even three tables to increase their chances of winning new pieces.

Each table played a different one of the three scenarios you can find in the Campaign Pack and some players quickly realized that their warbands were better suited for one or other of the scenarios and the tactics of the different cells were fascinating to watch.

A Tense Interlude

Once the noise of the *Hastor Confrontation* died down, the various cells then had to track me down to find out whether they could get through the map.

Now, the plan was that teams *could* get through the map if they had only three pieces but that they would do better if they had all four. They could choose to go straight to the centre of the map (their destination) – trying to find the “shortest” route – or they could risk visiting an event (marked with an “I” on the map). Visiting an event could leave them injured or late for the final scenario, it could give them new equipment or heal their wounds, or it could teleport them right to where they wanted to be!

Of course, it turned out to be not that simple. For a start, at least one cell discovered that the three pieces of the map that they had, despite them being all different, didn't actually show a route to the centre of the map. Oops. Mea culpa. But that's life. They had to play a couple of scenarios in the *Hastor Confrontation* to get their fourth piece.

² As it would turn out, no.

³ No.

⁴ Yes, but only because I was going to give people a lift from the station.

⁵ Yes, but it spat me out again complaining about the taste. Junction 45 on the M1 is like that.

Interestingly, none of the cells that had managed to get three or more pieces of the map chose to visit any events, preferring to go the safer route through the map. Some impressive course charting found a number of routes substantially “shorter” than I had thought possible in my play-testing (see remarks on play-testing campaigns in footnote 1). But, then one of those events occurred that make these days so much more worth it!

A cell that had, despite impressive success in the *Hastor Confrontation*, managed still only to win two different pieces of the map approached me with a proposal: they would enter the Dark Fortress anyway – flying blind as it were – in the hope of finding a teleport device. They charted a route that took in as many events as possible and we sat down to roll up their fate. If they succeeded, they glorious victory awaited them. If they failed, then they would face nothing but ignominious and lingering death in the many traps of the Dark Fortress...

MUAHAHAHAHAHA!!!

Ahem.

It was tense stuff, and almost the whole gathering crowded round to find out the ultimate fate of this intrepid bunch. They ran into some guardian drones... then a medical bay... then managed to trip some terrible ancient booby trap that unleashed the wild powers of the Warp and one of their party was sucked away to oblivion. Just as they thought their chances of ever seeing the light of Imperial stars again had run out, that vital double six appeared to cheers of delight!

The Anarchic Conclusion!

I'd like to take a moment to say to everyone reading this: don't do what I did!

With all the cells included in *The Final Confrontation*, we had nine players with twenty-seven separate characters on the table. It was an absolute bloody nightmare to keep track of, especially once players started shooting each other in the backs and the Speed values of the various characters started bobbing up and down like a yo-yo.

I won't dwell over the many treacheries, betrayals, sacrifices and heroics of that mighty conflict in the bizarre virtual reality at the heart of the Dark Fortress. Suffice to say that only a handful of players actually achieved the objective of finding an honest-to-goodness Hastor Stone and Dave Knowles, who had in fact played his first ever real game of *Inquisitor* that very day (and whose fabulous collection was highlighted in the last issue of *Dark Magenta*), came out the winner, as his team had captured not one but two of the precious relics.

Of course, he then had to use one of them to rescue his mortally-wounded Inquisitor, Drake Kaled – but that, as I said at the time, was a technicality.

Contemplations

Over a year later, I still consider *Dark Fortress* to be one of the best campaigns I've written. The combination of dramatic confrontation, combat, conspiracy and betrayal makes it a really exciting experience, very much in the spirit of *Inquisitor*. It also has the benefit of being easily workable at club level or even for games in someone's home because it can cater for large or small numbers of players and could easily be played out over just a few meetings.

The feedback I got on the day and subsequently on the Conclave forum was universally positive. There was a follow-up gathering this March just gone, run by Ruaridh Dall and it was great to see a good turn-out for that too. Whenever we have another gathering, I look forward to seeing you there!

Apocrypha Angeli Mortis

Alternative rules for Space Marines in Inquisitor

By Eoin Whelan

Introduction

Scout Orpheus peered through his magnox at the sight beneath him and his stomach turned. The battle was raging tens of kilometres to the north, where his brethren of the Dark Knights were hard-pressed against a traitor force ten times the size of their own two companies; but they were more than holding their own and the forces of Chaos were being gradually pushed back. Yet here a band of ragged traitors, their armour concealed beneath tattered robes daubed with eye-straining runes, were performing some sort of blasphemous rite upon the captured progenoids of his fallen brothers – no doubt intended to harness more diabolical power to assist their beleaguered allies!

He would not allow it!

He folded the magnox and slid them into a pouch. For a moment, he rested his hand on the sniper rifle that lay beside him – but no, these monsters had turned their backs upon the Emperor. They would die, knowing that His wrath lay upon them! He unclipped the hotshot battery from his belt webbing and removed his chainsword from his patrol pack. Reverently, he drew it from its sheath and whispered words of encouragement to its noble warrior spirit. Then, hugging the shadows as his sergeant had taught him, he climbed around the lip of the depression within which the cultists had gathered, to a fallen gargoyle, smashed from a nearby building to fall with its aquiline head over the ledge. Carefully, he unclipped his holster and drew his bolt pistol. He had already anointed and blessed the weapon that morning as a part of the dawn rites, but he put it to his lips and pressed a kiss to the warm casing as a final benediction to his equipment. Without a battle-cry, without warning, in the fashion of a Scout, he leapt from the gargoyle and plunged into the midst of the traitors.

They screamed and reared back from the giant who had appeared in their midst, but the nearest were too slow to avoid the scything blade of his chainsword and he had felled two of them in his first breath. The bolt pistol came up and fired in a roaring cough, almost without conscious thought on his part, and two more were hurled back by the impacts before their chests exploded outwards from the mass-reactive charge detonation.

The rest responded with the savagery typical of their sect, hurling themselves at his as a pack, swinging their crude edged weapons. He felt one strike his skull squarely and he knew that, just a few years ago, that would have been the end of him. But he was not as he had once been! Transfigured by the Emperor's Blessings, he shrugged off the blow with a terrible grin and a swing from his blade that severed his attacker's leg from his corrupted body. He swung his other arm to whip the solid pistol against the face of another attacker, driving his enemy to the floor before bringing the stubby barrel to bear in a cacophony of muzzle flash. Then spinning, he parried the thrust of the next, striking out with his foot.

Another fell back into the soaking rubble of the depression, the terror of death clear upon his scarred countenance.

'What are you?' he begged in horror.

'I am the Angel of Death!' roared Orpheus as he swung his sword once more. Now, only the leader was left...



Space Marines are the iconic image of the Warhammer 40,000 universe. These genetically-engineered warriors are selected from the most vicious human cultures in the Imperium, implanted with esoteric artificial organs and subjected to the most punishing training and indoctrination regime imaginable. Armed with the deadliest weapons, finest personal armour and fastest ships the Imperium has to offer, the Adeptus Astartes stand ready to fight those who defy the empire of man. Their reputation engenders awe; whole worlds have surrendered rather than risk the wrath of the Angels of Death. As the armies of the Imperium battle against their foes, the Inquisition wages a covert war against heresy and the awesome personal power of Space Marines makes them invaluable assets to an Inquisitor – or formidable nemeses. Although Space Marines present some challenges to use as characters in *Inquisitor*, they also provide unparalleled gaming and modelling opportunities. Gav Thorpe's article *Using Space Marines* details the advantages and pitfalls of playing an Astartes in *Inquisitor*, along with some great advice on how and why to use them. That article also includes a

number of abilities and equipment items and any time I have referenced one of these I have marked it with an asterisk (*).

This article provides an expanded set of house rules for Space Marines in *Inquisitor*. The existing rules for Space Marines in the rulebook work very well in demonstrating the raw personal power of the Adeptus Astartes, and are fine for newcomers to the game. The rules can, however, lead to some curious situations – a Space Marine can do more damage throwing his bolt pistol at enemies than firing it, and Marines seem more resistant to heavy weaponry than they perhaps should. This article is designed to provide more detailed, advanced rules for Space Marines. Overall, you'll find them every bit the superhuman ultimate warriors they deserve to be, but these rules will allow for the customisation of your Space Marine from the organs implanted to the type of power armour he wears, as appropriate for his Chapter and experience. Time now to flesh out those Space Marine characters and let them loose on the galaxy!

Space Marine Characters

	WS	BS	S	T	I	Wp	Sg	Nv	Ld
Battle Brother	75	75	70*	75	80	75	65	95	65
Random	65	65	45	60	70	60	50	80	60
	+2D10	+2D10	+5D10*	+3D10	+2D10	+3D10	+3D10	+3D6	+2D6
Scout	70	60	60*	60	70	65	55	90	55
Random	60	50	40	50	60	50	40	75	50
	+2D10	+2D10	+4D10*	+2D10	+2D10	+3D10	+3D10	+3D6	+2D6
Veteran	80	80	80*	80	85	75	75	95	75
Random	65	65	50	65	70	60	60	85	70
	+3D10	+3D10	+5D10*	+3D10	+3D10	+3D10	+3D10	+3D6	+2D6
Commander	75	75	70*	75	80	85	85	100	85
Random	65	65	45	60	70	70	70	90	75
	+2D10	+2D10	+5D10*	+3D10	+2D10	+3D10	+3D10	+3D6	+3D6

*Add +40 for characters with a functional Bisopea. Note that these characteristics do not include any bonus for power armour.

Special Rules: Space Marines are genetically engineered and implanted with additional organs, transforming them into superhuman warriors. The rules for the enhancements are detailed over the following pages.

Anatomie Astartes

Space Marines are genetically engineered and augmented with a number of organs derived from the Chapter's gene-seed. These are implanted into aspirants that succeed in surviving the Chapter's initiation rites and early training regimes. It is rare that a Chapter will possess all 19 organs, mutation and degradation is inevitable in all but the purest gene-seed. In some cases the mutation of gene-seed results in aberrant function of implants, such as the elongated canines of the

Space Wolves. The implantation procedure is shrouded in ritual and far from a precise process. Individual Space Marines sometimes lack functional organs as they are rejected by the aspirant's body or the implants show malformation or atrophy. Such individuals frequently die as their metabolism becomes asynchronous. The other organs may behave erratically, becoming hyperactive or non-functional.

Space Marine characters will have the following 19 organs, although some may be absent, inoperative or be aberrant in function depending on the gene-seed is they drawn from and the individual Space Marine. Details of the effects of malfunctioning or absent organs are given in the Appendix.

As the organs are implanted over a period of years, Space Marine scouts are often unable to

make use of the later implants, particularly the progenoid glands and black carapace as these implants are often not granted to the initiate until he has proven himself as a battle-brother, or they are implanted but require time to mature. Space Marine scouts also have not completed their *hypno-indoctrination*, and do not gain the benefits of this.

Secondary heart (Phase 1)

Space Marines are implanted with a secondary heart on the right side of the chest, which pumps blood from the lungs to the tissue. While at rest only one heart pumps, but when in action both kick in, allowing the Space Marine improved strength and reflexes as blood is pumped at an extraordinary rate around the body. The secondary heart is able to maintain blood flow even after the failure of the Space Marine's original heart.

The Space Marine may ignore the first *stunned* result each turn. Further *stunned* results apply as normal including any left over multiple *stunned* results from a single hit. In addition treat any injury effects that the “*character automatically suffers system shock*” as “*character must test for system shock*.”

Ossmodula (Phase 2)

The ossmodula is a thin organ implanted near the Space Marine's spine. The organ secretes bone morphogenic proteins which increase epiphyseal fusion and skeletal ossification. The hormones enhance absorption of ceramic chemicals within the Space Marine's diet, strengthening and increasing the size of the skeleton. The ribs extend around the intercostal muscle, forming interlaced plates.

In order for any attack to raise the Space Marine's injury level above Heavy for any location, the hit must deal more damage than his Base Injury Value. This is *before* deductions for armour – a hit powerful enough to punch through ceramite will destroy the flesh and bone of even the Adeptus Astartes! If the damage is equal to or lower than the Base Injury Value, apply the *immediate* effects for the current injury level again, and add the damage to the injury total as normal.

Biscopea (Phase 3)

The biscopea is a hormone-secreting organ implanted into the chest next to the Marine's original heart. The organ stimulates muscle growth and angiogenesis throughout the body by releasing hormones into the bloodstream and also promotes efficient conversion of food to energy.

The Space Marine's Strength is increased by 40. This enhanced Strength is shown in the profile above in parentheses.

Haemastamen (Phase 4)

The haemastamen is a tiny organ that is anchored close to the biscopea within a main blood vessel leaving the heart. The organ monitors and controls the biscopea and ossmulada organs. The Marine's blood vessels are altered by this organ, increasing the amount of oxygen carried and making the blood more efficient.

The Space Marine counts his Toughness as 50% higher for the purposes of calculating *system shock, unconsciousness and death*.

Larraman's Organ (Phase 5)

The Larraman's organ is implanted into the chest cavity near the new heart. A complicated array of blood vessels grows up around the organ, where Larraman cells are generated and stored. Upon injury these cells are released and transported within the bloodstream to the wound. These cells form an extreme clotting response upon exposure to the air, in effect forming an instant layer of temporary scar tissue, thereby preventing blood loss and protecting the exposed area.

The Space Marine gains the *True Grit* ability. In addition, if the Space Marine passes a Recovery test, remove D6 damage points from his injury total instead of D3 (plus one per 10 Toughness over 50, as normal). If the Space Marine has any locations that are bleeding, deduct 1 from the Damage inflicted (if the modified roll is 0, bleeding stops for that location).

Catalepsean Node (Phase 6)

This small organ is implanted into the centre of the brain between the two hemispheres. It functions by affecting the circadian rhythms of sleep, allowing sequential areas of the brain to rest while awake. This allows a Space Marine to remain awake for prolonged periods of time while performing a repetitive action such as marching or standing sentry. The Marine can snap back to full wakefulness in an instant at any sign of danger.

A Space Marine suffers no penalties to Awareness when awake for protracted periods, such as on guard duty. This organ is not useable unless the character has completed *hypno-indoctrination*.

Preomnor (Phase 7)

The preomnor is implanted in the digestive system interrupting the oesophagus just above the recipient's normal stomach. The preomnor does not perform digestion, but monitors ingested materials and should toxic materials be detected, glands within the stomach neutralise them. If this is unsuccessful, the preomnor can prevent the food from progressing further into the digestive tract.

The Space Marine gains a +10% bonus to Resistance tests against ingested poisons.

Omophagea (Phase 8)

The omophagea is an organ made up of nerve-like cells and is implanted into the spinal column between the cervical and thoracic vertebrae. Four neuroglia – specialised nerve sheathes – are implanted between the omophagea and the preomnor. The preomnor can then absorb ingested brain cells the properties of which are mimicked by the omophagea and signals transmitted through the spine to the brain. These nerve impulses are weak and the Space Marine must cut out all extraneous sensory input in order to focus on the information. This requires extensive training and hypnotherapy to achieve but if successful it is actually possible to acquire partial memories or information from the ingested material. This organ is responsible in part for creating the blood and flesh eating rituals the Adeptus Astartes are notorious for.

The Space Marine can attempt to derive memories from fallen foes by consuming the brain tissue or cranial fluid. Ingesting the brain matter of a dead character takes a full turn after which the Space Marine enters a trance for D3 turns (treat as *stunned*). The Space Marine may then make a Sagacity test in order to sift out the pertinent memories, which, if passed, grants him some of the dead character's memories, most often of time from shortly before it died. The GM should determine which memories are passed on – the more the Sagacity test is passed by, the more complete acquired memories will be, although they will never be entirely clear. Whether the Space Marine is successful in acquiring memories or not, he must make a Willpower test at the start of every turn for the rest of the scenario. If failed, the Marine is assailed by phantom memories from the dead enemy and suffers -20% to all actions that turn.

Multi-lung (Phase 9)

The multi-lung is a third lung implanted between the recipient's normal lungs. The lung performs several functions. When the Space Marine is in action the lung increases efficiency of gaseous transfer to keep his enhanced blood oxygenated. If the Marine is within a toxic atmosphere an associated sphincter muscle restricts gas transfer to the normal lungs. The multi-lung can derive oxygen even from low-oxygen or toxic air and can act like rudimentary gills if submerged. Finally, the multi-lung can completely cut off flow of air from or to the lungs in the event of total lack of oxygen, allowing the Space Marine to persist for a short time on the reserves of oxygen within the lung even in vacuum.

The Space Marine may re-roll any Toughness test caused by drowning or asphyxiation. In addition, the Space Marine gains a +10% bonus to Resistance tests made against gaseous toxins.

Occulobe (Phase 10)

The occulobe is a small organ implanted behind the nasal cavity. It releases hormones which result in a restructuring of the photoreceptor cells of the eyes. This in itself does not improve vision, but the dedifferentiation of the retinal cells primes them for surgical and chemical adjustment, after which a Space Marine's eyesight is far sharper than a normal human and better able to adapt to changing light levels.

The Space Marine may re-roll any failed Awareness tests relating to sight.

Lyman's Ear (Phase 11)

The Lyman's ear organ is positioned within the space of the inner ear. This implant not only improves hearing, but allows the Space Marine to consciously filter out background noise and enhance the sound of interest. The organs also provide the Space Marine with superior balance and prevent him from becoming dizzy or nauseous despite extreme manoeuvres or disorientation.

The Space Marine may re-roll any failed Awareness tests relating to hearing.

Sus-an Membrane. (Phase 12)

The upper surface of the brain must be exposed in order to implant the twelfth implant, the sus-an membrane. This flat organ is surgically attached over the top of the brain, after which it will mesh with the tissue, forming neural connections. The organ requires chemical treatment and training in order to use, allowing the Space Marine to enter a state of suspended animation. The sus-an membrane can be activated consciously or as an involuntary response to extreme physical trauma. The organ, once activated, influences bodily functions, halting breathing, circulation and all cellular functions save for housekeeping functions. A Space Marine can survive for years even after having suffered otherwise fatal injuries. This state can be prolonged indefinitely by cryogenic storage. A Marine cannot revive himself from this state, specific chemical therapy and auto-suggestion is required.

The Space Marine may voluntarily enter suspended animation. The Marine must spend all of his actions for D3 turns meditating. The sus-an organ will also automatically activate if the Marine suffers system shock. If the Marine enters suspended animation, his injuries will not deteriorate or heal (do not roll for Recovery or Bleeding). Only appropriate chemical therapy and auto-suggestion can revive a Marine from this state (neither *True Grit* nor other characters without the appropriate stimuli can bring him round). This organ is not useable unless the character has completed *hypno-indoctrination*.

Melanochromic Organ (Phase 13)

Implanted into the thyroid glands in the neck, the melanochromic organ modifies the body's response to radiation releasing hormones that dramatically increase the level of pigmentation within the skin. This reversible process darkens the skin as a protection from exposure to ultraviolet light and other forms of radiation.

The Space Marine may reroll any Toughness tests caused by radiation. He counts as having one extra point of armour to all locations versus any radiation-based damage.

Oolitic Kidney (Phase 14)

The Oolitic Kidney is implanted within the Space Marine's lower abdomen and this organ efficiently removes toxins within the bloodstream. If the organ registers levels of poison within the bloodstream that exceed it's capacity to remove, it will initiate an emergency detoxification response, which renders the Space Marine unconscious as the hearts beat at a tremendous rate in order to increase the effectiveness of the kidney.

The Space Marine may re-roll any failed Resistance tests. Should the Space Marine fail the Resistance test after the re-roll the de-tox program will initiate, and the Space Marine will enter *system shock* after applying the effects of the toxin (note that this will not activate the *Sus-an Membrane* in this case). He gains a +10% bonus to further Resistance tests while unconscious, and will regain consciousness immediately once a Resistance test is passed in the Recovery phase (after which he will no longer be affected by the toxin).

Neuroglottis (Phase 15)

The neuroglottis allows a Space Marine to assess potential foodstuffs by taste. Implanted in the back of the mouth, the organ is linked to the nerves of the nasal receptors. It allows the recipient to detect toxicity of a material by taste, as well as allowing identification of other chemicals undetectable by normal human senses. The organ permits a Space Marine to detect the spoor of a target by taste and allows him to track his enemy. The neuroglottis also influences the circulatory system and metabolism via hormonal signals.

He may detect poisons or toxins by taste with a successful Awareness test, or by smell with a penalty of -20%. He may also be able to track an individual by taste: this requires an Awareness test with a -20% modifier, with an additional -10% for each hour the scent is cold.

Mucranoid (Phase 16)

Implanted into the abdomen, the mucranoid organ secretes chemicals which permeate the sweat glands. In times of stress from extreme temperatures, the Space Marine sweats an oily substance that coats and insulates the skin. This lessens the effect of heat or cold on the body and can even provide some degree of protection against the vacuum of space.

The Space Marine may reroll any Toughness tests caused by extremes of temperature (including power armour overheats). He counts as having one extra point of armour to all locations versus damage inflicted by heat or cold, including flame weapons and being on fire.

Betcher's Gland (Phase 17)

This gene-seed produces two identical organs, implanted on either side of the lower jaw or into the palette. The Betcher's glands synthesise and store acidic and highly corrosive venom containing a potent neurotoxin. The Space Marine is able to deliver this fearsome poison by biting or spitting allowing for a surprise attack that can blind or incapacitate an opponent. Given enough time, the Space Marine can also use this corrosive to slowly chew through inanimate objects such as iron bars.

The Space Marine gains the Spit Acid exotic ability which is loaded with Bloodfire toxin. A Space Marine can chew slowly through inanimate objects (dealing 2D10 damage per full turn).

Progenoids. (Phase 18)

The progenoid glands are twin organs: one gland is situated at the base of the neck, just above the collarbone, the other within the centre of the chest cavity between the two hearts. Each gland absorbs special cells – called Ratch cells – shed by each of the other organs into the bloodstream. The progenoids check the Ratch cells for genetic abnormality and if all is normal use them as the basis to grow the nascent gene-seed within the gland. When mature the gland will contain a gene-seed for each zygote implanted into the Marine. Should the progenoid detect mutation in the Ratch cells of any organ, the corresponding gene-seed will not form. Upon the death of a Space Marine, their gene-seed must be promptly harvested by the Chapter's apothecaries, checked for mutation and stored until they can be cultured into organs to implant into new Space Marines.

Removal of the progenoid gland takes D6 actions, and requires a Sagacity test in order to remove them intact (with a negative modifier determined by the GM if not using appropriate tools). Access to the chest progenoid also requires breaching the rib-cage first, which requires inflicting 10 points of damage. A Space Marine will almost always fight to recover a fallen battle-brother's geneseed. Depending upon the scenario, a Willpower test may have to be passed before a Space Marine will leave a fallen fellow marine with intact progenoids behind.

Black Carapace (Phase 19)

The Black Carapace is the last implant, often not granted to the Space Marine until after years of service as a scout. The implant is grown from the gene-seed within a vat, forming a black, shiny sheet. During implantation, the sheet is cut and inserted beneath the skin of the Marine's torso, where it expands and sends invasive neural bundles into the recipient's body, linking with the nervous system around the spine. After several months the carapace will have hardened and neural jacks, transfusion points, sensor plugs and data ports are implanted into holes cut into the carapace. These sockets match up with plugs in the power armour, allowing for the systems to monitor vital signs and mimic the Space Marine's every move.

The Black Carapace is required to use Space Marine power armour (or tactical dreadnought armour) without which the user does not get the strength bonus and is partially encumbered by the armour (- 1 Speed).

Hypno-indoctrination

All Space Marines undergo an extensive process of hypnotherapy and indoctrination. This process instils heightened loyalty and screens for subversive personality traits. The process, combined with chemical therapy, allows the Space Marine remarkable control over his body's physical processes, including limited control over involuntary reflexes such as breathing and heart rate. This control is necessary in order to maintain metabolic balance with the inserted organs. Hypnotherapy also stimulates neural connections, improving the Space Marine's reflexes and mental facilities.

The Space Marine gains the *Nerves of Steel* and *Ambidextrous* abilities.

ARMAMENTARIUM ASTARTES

Space Marines command the finest military equipment in the Imperium. From the holy bolters carried by battle brothers to the sleek and devastating strike cruisers, the Adeptus Astartes are supremely equipped for any battlefield eventuality. The Space Marines are especially famed for their distinctive patterns of power armour which have been modified through

necessity from the time of the Great Crusade to the present day.

The following section includes weapons and equipment especially appropriate for the Adeptus Astartes. Naturally, players can use many of these items for non-Space Marine characters too. Optional rules for the larger size of Space Marine weapons can be found in the Appendix.

Space Marine Equipment

The standard equipment for a battle brother is as follows:

- Adeptus Astartes Power Armour (most commonly Mark VII Emperor Armour) incorporating a backpack power system.
- Mark IV "Goodwyn" Astartes-pattern boltgun (older marks are also retained in service).
- Six boltgun clips.
- Astartes-pattern bolt pistol.
- Three bolt pistol clips.
- Three frag grenades.
- Monomolecular-edged knife.
- Field rations (sufficient for four weeks operation).

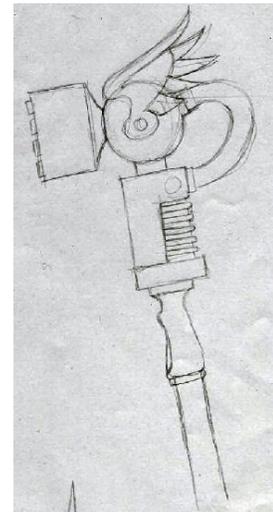
Power Weapons

Thunder hammers and Crozii Arcanum are Exotic.

Power Weapons	Reach	Damage	Parry Penalty
Thunder Hammer	2	2D10+2*	-30%
Crozius Arcanum	2	2D10+2	-20%

The Thunder hammer and Crozius arcanum are power weapons and follow the rules for power weapons given on page 67 of the Inquisitor rulebook.

*The Thunder Hammer has a massive charging capacitor, making it one of the most powerful personal combat weapons. It counts as a *shock* weapon as well as a *power* weapon. For each full turn the Thunder hammer has not been discharged, add D10 to the damage, to a maximum of 5D10+2. If a character not wearing Terminator armour uses a Thunder Hammer charged at least one level to hit an opponent, he must make a Strength test or be knocked *prone*. A fully charged Thunder Hammer may be set to *self destruct*. Setting a Thunder Hammer to *self destruct* takes two Actions. At the end of the turn it will explode with the same effect as a plasma grenade.





Hazrad Grenades

Exotic

Hazrad grenades are designed to release a short-ranged blast of radiation to burn and contaminate targets. Also known as Geiger bombs or simply as rad grenades, these vicious weapons are unpredictable at best, but nevertheless find use with insurgents and Imperial covert specialists as they are silent and demoralising weapons.

Hazrad grenades have the following profile. The GM should roll for the Area and Blast values of the grenade once thrown and keep the result secret from all players – including the character who threw the grenade. The Area and Blast values can be revealed to any character with an appropriate auspex upon a successful Awareness check.

Grenades	Type	Range	Area	Blast	Dam	Shots	Rld	Wt
Hazrad	Grenade	E	D10yds	D10	D10*	**	**	8

*Armour is only moderate protection at best from radiation. Halve the armour value of any location damaged by a hazrad grenade.

** See launcher for details

Radiation is an insidious killer. Any character caught in the area effect will have taken a serious dose of radiation, even if no damage is inflicted by burning. At the end of each turn for the rest of the scenario the character must make a Toughness test or add D3 points to his injury total.

After the initial blast, leave a counter in play at the final location of the rad grenade. At the end of each turn after it was thrown, apply the effects of the grenade to any characters within the blast area, but reduce the Blast value by one (once the Blast reaches 0, it ceases to be dangerous).

Bore shells

Exotic heavy bolter ammunition

The Bore shell fires a small slug within a bolt casing which, when embedded into a surface, will start to drill inexorably into the target. Bore shells do 2D6 points of damage. Should the slug be stopped by forcefields or cover it has no effect on the target. If at least one point of damage is inflicted *before* deductions for personal armour, the slug will start to bore. At the start of every subsequent turn, the Bore will inflict D6 damage on the target location, treating the armour at that location as ablative and ignoring it altogether if the original hit penetrated the armour (if a 1 is rolled for damage, the Bore runs out of fuel and inflicts no further injury). A Bore slug can be cut out of a wound with a suitable implement, which inflicts a further health level of damage and requires a Sagacity test to succeed.

Cockatrice stun shell

Exotic boltgun ammunition

Deathwatch Kill Teams must sometimes capture alien specimens alive for the Ordo Xenos to interrogate or study. Cockatrice bolts contain a powerful charge to stun but not kill a target. Cockatrice bolts do D10 damage and count as a *Shock* weapon (see page 67 of the Inquisitor rulebook).

Haywire shell

Exotic boltgun ammunition

Haywire bolts do 2D6 damage. In addition, any target hit by a haywire bolt suffers the same effects as if caught by a haywire grenade blast until the end of the next turn.

Hellfire shells

Exotic heavy bolter ammunition

Developed by the Adeptus Mechanicus in conjunction with the Ordo Xenos, hellfire shells were designed to provide effective weaponry against the Tyranids. The hellfire bolt is composed of a virulent mutagen core surrounded by a brittle shell containing a potent corrosive cocktail. Hellfire shells must be loaded independently (which takes one action) and fired singly.

If a Hellfire shell hits, it deals 2D10+2 damage. If at least one point of damage is applied after deductions for armour, etc, then it inflicts an additional 2D10 damage. If *all* of the damage is stopped by cover or armour then the mutagenic acid will splatter: this is treated as a blast weapon with Area 3, Blast 5, Damage D10

centred on the target. Should a Hellfire shell miss the target, roll for scatter as if it were a Blast weapon: if it does not hit another character apply the effects of splatter if it hits any hard object.

Snitch homing beacon shell

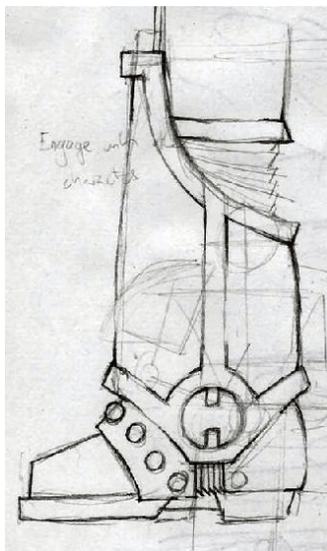
Exotic boltgun ammunition

Snitch bolts do D6 damage. If a Snitch bolt hits the target, it will embed and release a homing signal, which can be detected with an appropriate auspex. Players may wish to tell the GM secretly if they intend to use a Snitch shell against an opponent.

Combat Shield

Rare

A smaller and less bulky version of the storm shield, the combat shield incorporates a small forcefield generator. The combat shield counts as a buckler that provides D10 points of force field armour over the carrying arm (including against close combat attacks). The combat shield can be used to parry power weapons without risk.



Leg bracing

Rare

An upgrade available to any mark or design of power armour, additional leg bracing and stabilisers allow the user to better absorb recoil from heavy weaponry, although at the expense of some mobility.

The character gains the *Rock Steady Aim* ability, as he can better compensate for recoil, but subtracts -1 yard from all movement rates. The bracings also provide an additional point of armour on each leg.

Reductor

Rare

The Reductor is a specialised instrument, usually in the form of an elaborate gauntlet, which allows for practical battlefield removal of the progenoid glands by a Chapter's apothecaries.

The sophisticated device is self-targeting, simply requiring to be pressed firmly in the correct area to automatically remove and store the gene-seed (which takes 1 Action). The Reductor also incorporates a cutting tool or drill designed to breach the enhanced rib cage of Space Marines, which counts as an implanted chainblade combat accessory with a Reach of 0.

Servo Arms

Rare

Servo-arms are mechanical lifting apparatus attached to a backpack or servo harness, designed to assist a Tech-adept in lifting heavy machinery or performing repairs. Servo-arms are controlled via implant plugs in power armour or a MIU-link, and can make for serviceable weapons if necessary. A character requires power armour, support braces or a servo-harness in order to make full use of a servo-arm. Servo-arms have several main types of attachment for differing functions, detailed below. The servo-arm may be used in close combat with the effects described below. Servo-arms are too slow to be used to *parry*, although they can be used as part of a *counter-attack*. Servo-arm attacks never receive any additional Strength bonus; it is incorporated in the relevant damage profile.

- **Pincer/Claw:** This is the standard type of servo-arm ending in a large pincer, which can be used to lift objects (counting as having a Strength of 100). In combat, the pincer has the weapon profile shown below. It may also be used to make a 'Grab' attack in the same manner as a powerfist, or, with a -20% to hit penalty, be used to *Hurl Opponent**.
- **Breacher:** A breacher is a heavy-duty drilling device. A critical hit by the breacher causes an instant Crippled result to the location hit, regardless of cover, armour or force fields (increase the character's injury total by the minimum amount of damage needed to achieve this).
- **Plasma cutter:** Servo-arms may be fitted with cutting and welding apparatus, the most common of which is the plasma cutter. As well as for repair work, a plasma cutter may also be used in combat to



deadly effect with the profile below. It has a limited range, and may also be used against enemies at arm's length in the same manner as a pistol.

- **Defensive weapon:** A servo-arm may contain a ranged weapon system for defence, such as a flamer. This can be any basic or pistol weapon, which counts as implanted. The servo-arm is strong enough to fire the weapon with no weight penalty.

Servo-arms	Reach	Damage	Parry Penalty
Pincer/Claw	2	2D10+2	-
Breacher	3	2D10+2	-
Plasma cutter	2	3D10	-



ARMATURA ASTARTES

One of the most distinctive aspects of the Space Marines is their enclosed power armour. This armour has evolved over the millennia and older suits are still in active service. The following rules allow players to utilise any of the eight patterns of power armour for their characters. The armour values for the different marks of power armour vary: consult the table above for the different armour values and rules associated with each suit.

Power armour can be voluntarily deactivated for one action, which temporarily negates any effects of malfunction (such as overheating) but the wearer loses the strength bonus and counts the armour for Encumbrance. Reactivating the armour takes one action: after one turn the armour ceases to count for Encumbrance and after two turns the character regains the strength bonus. See the appendix for optional house rules for calculating the Encumbrance of deactivated power armour, along with a house rules for shots against weak points in the armour.

Power armour can be removed in-game, which takes D3 actions per location. Donning power armour is not practical in game timeframes.

Armour	Helmet	Arms	Chest	Abdomen	Groin	Legs	Strength Bonus	Notes
MkI Thunder	6 ^o	9	9 ^e	6	6	9	+10% (arms only)	Counts for Encumbrance
MkII Crusade	9	12	12	11 ^e	10	12 ^e	+20%	
MkIII Iron	10	12+3 ^a	12+3 ^a	12	12	12 ^f +3 ^a	+15%	-1 Speed, thin rear armour
MkIV Maximus	6+3 ^a	10+3 ^a	10 ^e +3 ^a	10 ^e	10	10 ^f +3 ^a	+20%	
MkV Heresy	8 ^s	10 ^{es} +3 ^a	10 ^e +3 ^a	10 ^e	10 ^s	10 ^{efs} +3 ^a	+15%	Overheat
MkVI Corvus	7+2 ^a	10 ^s +3 ^a	10 ^{es} +3 _a	10 ^e	10 ^s	10 ^{fs} +3 ^a	+20%	
MkVII Imperator	8	10+3 ^c	10+3 ^c	10 ^e	10	10+3 ^c	+20%	
MkVIII Errant	8	10 ⁿ +3 ^c	10 ⁿ +3 ^c	10+2 ^c	10	10+3 ^c	+20%	

a – ablative armour

c – ceramite-bonded ablative armour

e – exposed power cables (see rules overleaf)

f – fixed greaves: wearer may not Sprint.

n – neck guards: +2 ablative armour to the head if shot from the appropriate direction (i.e. front arc for chest neck guard, side arcs for paulion neck guards)

o – open helm

s – commonly made from studded materials: if so, treat as 6+6a (arms, chest or legs), 6+4a (abdomen or groin) or 6+2a (helmet)

Note that, to characters who are not Space Marines, *all* patterns of Space Marine armour are *legendary*. For Space Marines, Marks V-VIII counts as *Rare*, Marks II-IV as *Exotic* and Mark I as *Legendary*.

Space Marine backpacks

All marks of Space Marine power armour incorporate a distinctive power pack mounted through a hard point in the rear chest plating. This atomic energy source means that a Marine can be self sufficient for years at a time.

A Space Marine backpack grants energy to the power armour, without which the armour would only be effective for approximately 100 hours before suffering a power failure.

In game terms, the backpack provides an additional 3 points of armour to the abdomen, chest and head against attacks from the rear arc. The character also counts as having exposed power cabling for those locations if attacked from behind, with the exception that upon a roll of 1 or 6 on the table the radioactive core is breached: apply the effects of a hazard grenade centred on the Space Marine's backpack.

Mark I Power Armour: Thunder pattern.

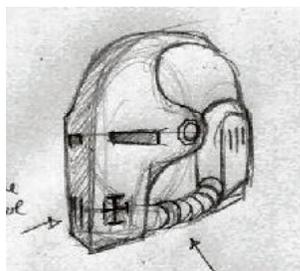
Thunder Armour was the first power armour used by the warriors of the Emperor, developed from the primitive armour worn by the techno-barbarians of Terra. The armour incorporates servos to assist movement, but in this early pattern only the upper body is augmented. Very few of these battle suits still exist and those that do are reverend relics to the Space Marines.

Thunder armour grants a +10% increase to the wearer's Strength, but only for actions involving arm strength. The armour counts for Encumbrance, but the increased strength may be used to calculate the wearer's Encumbrance value.

Mark II Power Armour: Crusade pattern

What became known as Crusade or Crusader armour was created by the Emperor and His scientists as the first totally enclosed, life supporting powered battle armour, designed expressly for the nascent Space Marine legions. Equipped with these suits the first Space Marines undertook the Great Crusade, retaking the worlds of men. The suits were intricately constructed using articulated hoop-shaped plates and many maintain that it is the most efficient of any Space Marine armour, although the overlapping plates proved to be very difficult to maintain or repair. Crusader armour suits are prized relics granted to great heroes.

Crusade armour is equipped with a rebreather and crude autosenses.



Mark III Power Armour: Iron pattern

Iron armour was created from modified Crusader armour to better protect Space Marines in the brutal confines of spacecraft boarding actions or siege warfare, sporting reinforced frontal armour. The rear armour was reduced to moderate the weight of the suits but even so the additional ablative plates made it cumbersome. The Iron armour was superseded by the development of the Tactical Dreadnought suits although many Chapters such as the Iron Warriors and Imperial Fists still retain a few sets of Iron armour for siege warfare.

Iron armour grants 12 points of armour to all locations, plus three points of ablative armour to the arms, chest and legs. The armour is much thinner at the rear, however, and only provides 10 points of armour and no ablative to any attacks from the rear arc. The armour is cumbersome; any user suffers -1 Speed and the armour provides only a +15% Strength bonus due to the additional weight. The suit is equipped with a rebreather and crude autosenses.

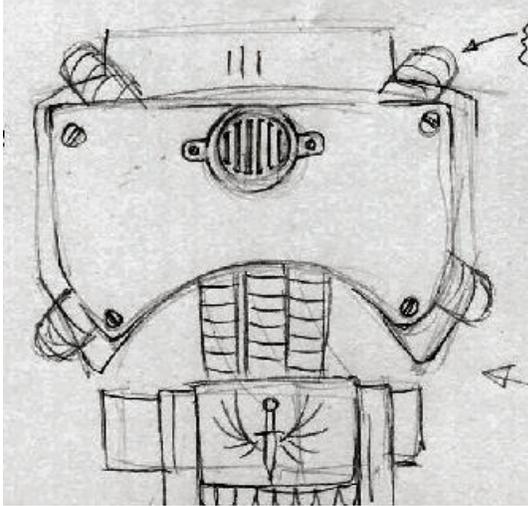
Mark IV Power Armour: Maximus pattern

The Maximus armour was put into mass-production on Mars at the height of the Great Crusade. The mark IV armour featured an independent helmet (in earlier patterns the head moved inside a fixed helm), more

advanced autosenses, improved auto-servos and life support systems. Approximately half of the Space Marine forces were issued with this pattern of power armour when the Horus Heresy erupted, and even today some Chapters retain Maximus suits in active service. The Maximus armour involves exotic parts and materials, making it difficult to maintain.

The Maximus armour has average autosenses, a rebreather and a de-tox injector (5 doses).

Mark V Power Armour: Heresy pattern



The mark V pattern of power armour was developed out of necessity during the Horus Heresy. The armour was made from components scavenged from early suits of power armour and additional easily-supplied materials. Spikes were used to hold the inferior armour plates together, producing the distinctive studded effect, especially on the legs and left shoulder pad. The sub-standard life-support systems often result in intolerable heat build-ups. Although Heresy suits are maintained by many Chapters, they are usually kept as reserves due to their poor effectiveness and also as the Space Marines themselves regard the armour as ill-fated.

The Heresy armour has crude autosenses and a rebreather. At the end of any turn the wearer sprints or fights in close combat there is a 40% chance that the suit overheats: the character must make a Toughness test or be *stunned* for the next turn and add D3 to his injury total.

Exposed power cabling

One of the weaknesses of the older power armour variants was the necessity of exposed power cabling and cooling ducts, especially over the abdomen and chest. Should a location covered with exposed power cabling suffer a hit that does at least 4 points of damage after deductions from forcefields and cover (but not for the armour itself) has a 20% chance of breaching a power cable: roll a D6 and consult the following table in addition to any normal injury effects.

1-2 Power failure. The armour's power is completely shorted, and will require expert technical repairs to fix at the GM's discretion. The power armour no longer provides any strength bonus and counts for full Encumbrance.

3-4 Overheat. The armour's cooling systems are damaged, and the internal temperature starts to rise dramatically. After D3 turns the heat build up becomes excessive and at the start of every subsequent turn the character must make a Toughness test or be Stunned for one turn and add D3 to his injury total. Any enemy attempting to spot the character using an Infrascopes gains a +20% Awareness bonus.

5-6 Power surge. The armour is overloaded, making actions jerky and spasmodic. The character suffers a -20% modifier to all actions in the next turn (excepting those that require no movement).

Mark VI Power Armour: Corvus pattern

The Corvus armour was rushed into production during the Heresy and supplied to loyalist legions even as Horus' armies advanced into the Terra system. The armour featured a distinctive pointed helmet (designed to turn aside blows from the head) and much improved life support systems and protection over the mark V suits. As with the previous pattern, spiked armour plates were used out of necessity, most often the left paulion. Even after the Horus Heresy, the studded plates were not refitted and are retained to honour those who fought in the battle for Terra. Corvus suits or components are used by most Space Marine Chapters almost as much as the Emperor armour.

The Corvus armour has average autosenses and a rebreather.

Mark VII Power Armour: Emperor pattern

The Emperor power armour is the contemporary pattern used most commonly by the Adeptus Astartes. Also known as Aquila armour, the suits are believed to have entered common service around the Age of Apostasy. The armour is made up of ceramite plating and the chest is more heavily armoured to protect

vulnerable cabling, and commonly features a plastron displaying the Imperialis or aquila from which the armour derives its names. The helmet incorporates a formidable grilled 'mouth' which serves as a vox caster and a gas exchange system for extended operations in breathable atmospheres. The suit includes fully auto-reactive shoulder paulions and greaves with knee plates that allow greater ease of movement.

The Emperor armour has average autosenses, a rebreather and a de-tox injector (5 doses).

Mark VIII Power Armour: Errant pattern

Errant armour is the most advanced pattern of power armour produced for the Space Marines, designed to protect even those few weak points in Emperor armour. The armour has no external power cabling at all and additional plating to protect vulnerable areas such as the neck seal. A full suit of Errant armour incorporates advanced fibre-bundled ligaments and sophisticated autosenses. Production of Errant armour is slow, however, and most chapters have a handful of suits at best, which are appropriated to veterans who show exceptional valour. Only the Inquisition's chamber militants are able to equip the majority of their forces with variants of mark VIII power armour.

The Errant armour has advanced autosenses, a rebreather, a de-tox injector (10 doses) and may incorporate one or more auspexes.

Space Marine Tactical Dreadnought Armour

Tactical dreadnought armour is without doubt the toughest personal armour available to mankind. Each suit is hand crafted, centuries old and priceless beyond imagination. The armour was originally created from suits designed for extreme inhospitable environments such as plasma reactors or sunside of inner system planets and is capable of protecting even against impact from small asteroid collision. For combat applications, tactical dreadnought armour is best used for claustrophobic battle-zones such as in tunnels or boarding actions where the fighting is sure to be close and bloody and the considerable advantages of the armour can be brought to bear against isolated enemy. The only disadvantage to the armour is that the sheer bulk can hamper movement and reflexes.

Tactical dreadnought armour (also known as Terminator armour) provides 15 points of armour to all locations and has the special rules *Cumbersome* and *Powerful*.

Cumbersome:

- The character suffers -1 speed
- The character may only walk or run. Running counts as sprinting, i.e. this action cannot be combined.
- The character may not sneak, evade, crawl or sprint. They may not use *Dodge* or *Acrobatic* skills. They cannot sidestep or circle in combat.
- The character may not dodge as part of a parry.
- The character suffers -20% to any throwing action (such as using grenades).
- A character hit by a haywire grenade must make a basic Strength test at -50% to achieve Speed 1.

Powerful:

- The character gains the *Rock-steady aim* and *Hipshooting* skills from the suit's targeting and guidance systems.
- The character gains the *Nerves of Steel* skill (the suit is too cumbersome to dive for cover anyway), and can ignore being on fire if hit by a flamer. He takes damage each recovery phase as normal and may always attempt to put out the fire if desired. Note that if there are any locations on fire which are uncovered (e.g. the head), the character may not ignore it!
- The character always counts as having a rested weapon.
- The character can always fire any weapon (even heavy) with one hand at no penalty for weight.
- The character gains the 1/5 strength increase as with power armour.

Terminator helmets can be up to 10 points and are always enclosed and fitted with autosenses. If a helmet is not worn some suits are equipped with a *skull field* – a force-field which fits tightly over the head. This counts as a refractor field that protects only the head and works in close combat. This cannot be active if a helmet is worn. Most suits have powerful lamps built into the shoulders (see the *Shadows of Deceit* article for more details - <http://www.specialist-games.com/assets/FO89InqShad.pdf>)

Marine Terminator suits usually have 5 points of ablative ceramite armour to the arms, chest and legs, an inbuilt motion sensor, comm-link, shoulder lamps and are large (+10%) targets.

Terminator armour is *Legendary*.

Space Marine Scout Armour

Space Marine scouts in most Chapters are raw recruits who have yet to earn their place as a battle brother and the right to wear the revered power armour, although a minority of Chapters such as the Space Wolves use veteran warriors in this role. Scouts are equipped with extra-thick flack webbing reinforced with a heavy plasteel carapace across the upper body. The armour is designed for stealth operations and is frequently camouflaged or used in conjunction with cloaks made from cryptic materials. Scout armour allows a Space Marine to move with less chance of detection were he wearing bulky power armour. Scouts are employed in extremely dangerous missions behind enemy lines and often have to operate cut off from the rest of the Chapter for months or even years at a time.

Scout armour provides 5 points of armour to all locations, plus two points of ablative armour to the arms, chest, abdomen and groin. Scout armour is *Exotic* for non-Marines. It is *Common* for Marines.

Space Marine Armour and Awareness

Power armour affords supreme protection but the sheer bulk and complex mechanical systems can be a hindrance when stealth is required.

- Any character attempting to detect a character in power armour receives a +10 bonus to Awareness rolls.
- Any character attempting to detect a character in Terminator armour receives a +20 bonus to Awareness rolls (with an additional +10 to vision-related Awareness tests for being a large target).
- Scout armour is expressly designed for stealth operations, and confers no bonus to enemy Awareness rolls.

DOCTUM ASTARTES – New Space Marine Abilities

The following section is given over to new abilities and traits appropriate for the Adeptus Astartes. These represent quirks and traits that are frequently found in Space Marines of various Chapters, which can naturally be applied to other suitably devoted characters.

Battle Frenzy

The Adeptus Astartes can sometimes be provoked into devastating rages by gene-seed defects or doctrinal fanaticism. A Space Marine in such a state is a terrifying whirlwind of destruction, yet his training and experience will usually prevent him from simply charging senselessly at the enemy. A character under the effects of *Battle Frenzy* will move as quickly as possible at the nearest enemy he is aware of. He may make a Willpower test to move at a slower rate towards the target, although he may not move slower than a walk. He may use any ranged attacks against the target as normal. Once within running distance of the enemy he *must* charge and must continue to fight until all opponents have been taken out of action. If the character is not aware of any enemies he acts at half Speed until they are detected.

Mighty Blow

The character summons his holy rage, smiting the unclean asunder with a single blow. The character may make a special attack one per turn in combat: this attack must be made with a single weapon and both hands must be used to hold it (this may entail dropping any additional weapons). Should the attack hit, it automatically counts as a critical hit. However, should the enemy parry and counter-attack a *Mighty Blow*, the character may not parry or dodge the counter-attack.

Self-mortification

Certain Chapters have deep-ingrained senses of guilt or revulsion of the human form which often leads to self inflicted injury. While all Space Marines are trained and conditioned to resist and endure pain, some chapters, particularly the Imperial Fists and their successors, often submit themselves to intense pain in order to demonstrate their devotion and penance. Other chapters such as the Iron Hands display revulsion of the weakness of the human body.

The character must make a Willpower test in order to make a Healing action upon themselves, and will not heal Light injuries at all. Also after a failure (such as death of comrades), the character will likely inflict injury upon themselves: in game terms treat this as D3 permanent levels of damage to a single location, most often a limb, inflicted before the game begins. This can be resisted with a Wp test with a negative modifier appropriate to the degree of failure determined by the GM (suggested modifiers: a setback might be -10%, mission failure or death of comrade -30%, mission failure *and* death of comrades -50%). The urge for self mortification may also be suppressed by certain activities, which vary from Chapter to Chapter. For Imperial Fists and successors scrimshawing of bones of battle brothers or meditation within a pain glove can relieve them of the effects for 24 hours; for Iron Hands the augmentation or replacement of limbs with bionics will relieve the effects for a month or more (dependent on the extent of the bionic replacement, at GM's discretion).

Stubborn

Some Space Marines are not only brave but will not retreat even when it would be advisable to do so. The legendary tenacity and stubbornness to accept defeat are hallmarks of the Dark Angels and the Imperial Fists.

A *Stubborn* Space Marine will simply not give up or retreat unless the situation is dire or if directly ordered to do so: even then a Sagacity test is required (although this may be substituted for the Leadership value of any characters with the *Leader* ability). If failed, the character must continue to spend actions fighting the enemy.

APPENDIX – Some final thoughts and optional rules

Space Marine Weapons

The enhanced musculature and sheer bulk of the Adeptus Astartes mean that their weapons and wargear are of solid design and heavy weight.

Any Space Marine weapon counts as 1/3 more Weight than normal (round up to the nearest 5). Space Marine combat weapons are of accordingly larger size – a Space Marine knife might be equivalent to a short sword in the hands of a normal person, while a space marine chainsword might be the equivalent of an eviscerator at the GM's discretion.

Power Armour Encumbrance

Working out encumbrance penalties for deactivated power armour can be time consuming and awkward, so here are some quick and easy rules to represent the weight of the armour.

A character wearing power armour that is deactivated for any reason loses all their Speed and must make a Strength test at the start of the turn: each full 20% that the test is passed by regains 1 point of Speed, from a minimum of 1 to a maximum of their normal Speed for the turn (subject to all the usual modifiers).

Gene-seed Mutation

The most interesting characters in any narrative have flaws or negative traits and Space Marines are no exception. Most chapters are defined by their flaws, which are often physical traits grounded in the gene-seed. From the terrible rage inherited by the Blood Angels to the bestial nature of the Space Wolves, the Primarchs left a legacy that persists to this day. As the millennia have passed, mutation and degradation of the gene-seed has become commonplace. For some Chapters the arcane secrets of the implantation process have become twisted and in others the gene-seed has become debased. The Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes are mandated to submit a tithe of gene-seed to the Adeptus Mechanicus on Mars, where it is checked for purity. Nevertheless malformation and mutation of the gene-seed is widespread, even amongst such august Chapters as the Imperial Fists and the Raven Guard.

There are two ways a Space Marine character may have missing or abnormal organs. Firstly, it may be a chapter-wide trait, in which case all Space Marines created from that gene-seed will share the trait. Secondly, the individual Space Marine may have defective organs. In this case, the character is likely to suffer mental or physical abnormality. Those who are able to fight and become a battle-brother often suffer stigmatisation within the Chapter and are frequently given dangerous missions away from the rest of the Chapter as their progenoids will contain the mutation and will only be collected by the Chapter in times of

desperation. Such individuals are dangerous as the hormonal imbalance can occasionally result in homicidal episodes – any natural roll of '00' for a Willpower test results in the character gaining the *Frenzy Exotic Ability* for the rest of the scenario.

In most cases, malfunction of an organ will simply result in non-functionality – the character simply doesn't receive the benefits of the organ. However, in rare cases malformation can produce abnormal effects, most often hyperactive or deregulated function, some of which are listed below.

Ossmodula

Malfunction of the ossmodula often results in excessive bone formation. This can result in bony growths protruding from the Marine's joints, particularly the wrists, elbows and ankles. In extreme cases – for example the Chapter of the Black Dragons – these can be sharpened into blade-like protuberances (which count as implanted knives or short swords on each limb, depending on the size of the protuberances). Increased bone density can also result in calcification of the joints (-20% Initiative) and build-up of bony plates around the head, neck and chest (+1 to Base Injury Value).

Biscopea

This organ sometimes malfunctions, resulting in greater or lesser muscle tissue formation (and a correspondingly higher or lower Strength bonus from the biscopea). Hyperactivity of this organ can result in excessive musculature accumulation over time. Continued build-up (+55S or more) will make the Space Marine unable to wear normal power armour and if the increase continues unabated (+70S or more), physical exertion runs the risk of tearing muscles and the strain will eventually kill him (any time the Space Marine sprints, makes a Strength test or strikes an opponent, the player must make a Toughness test or suffer one injury level of damage to a random location).

Haemastamen

Space Marines lacking the haemastamen usually suffer malformation of bones and muscle. This is due to hyperactivity of the **ossmodula** and **biscopea** as the controlling effect of the haemastamen is removed (see above for game effects).

Larraman's Organ

Malfunction of the Larraman's organ can result in abnormal clotting of the blood even when the Marine is not injured. Unfortunates with this disorder are not fated to survive long as sooner or later a clot will form that will kill them. The risk is minimised by constant movement. There is one recorded Chapter with this mutation: the Iron Panthers are renowned for their rash behaviour and frenzied assaults. Mutation of this organ frequently results in aberrations in the **catalepsean node** as the Space Marines afflicted exercise continuously and deprive themselves of sleep. A Space Marine affected by this mutation must make a Toughness test at the end of every turn with the following modifiers: if he ran, sprinted or fought in close combat (+20%); if he remained completely stationary all turn, e.g. on overwatch (-20%). If failed a blood clot has occurred and the character immediately suffers D3 health levels to a random location.

Catalepsean Node

Most mutations of this organ abolish function but occasionally hyperactivity can arise, resulting in Space Marines that simply cannot sleep. This can lead to psychological abnormalities as the lack of REM-sleep takes its toll. While total breakdown can usually be avoided by the Chapter's apothecaries via hypnotic therapy and certain drugs, psychotic episodes can and do occur. A Space Marine with this mutation must follow the effects of the hallucinogen toxin should he roll a natural '00' for any characteristic test.

Preomnor

Defects in this organ result in non-functionality, and will also invalidate the **omophagea**.

Omophagea

Occasionally, the omophagea becomes hyperactive, which adds +20% to the Sagacity when trying to interpret derived memories, but the Space Marine suffers an additional -20% to their Willpower for the rest of the scenario as they struggle to sort their own memories from those absorbed by the omophagea.

Occulobe

Defects in the occulobe can result in malformations of the eye. The Space Marine will suffer a consequential reduction of eyesight (-20% to visual Awareness tests).

Lyman's Ear

If implanted and defective, the marine suffers -20% to all auditory tests. He will also suffer dizzy spells or aberrations in balance – halve the character's Knockback Value.

Melanochrome

Defects in the melanochromic organ frequently result in permanent alteration of skin pigmentation, resulting in abnormally pale or dark skin tones.

Neuroglottis

A rather curious aberration in the neuroglottis can actually improve the Space Marine's sense of smell. This has been found most famously in the Space Wolf gene-seed and attempts to artificially replicate this in other Space Marine Chapters have failed.

If not wearing an enclosed helm, the Marine may triple distances at which a smell can be detected and may re-roll any Awareness tests that pertain to scent. The Space Marine may also track individuals by smell as well as taste: this requires an Awareness test with a -20% modifier, with an additional -10% for each hour the scent is cold. The GM may impose other modifiers (such as for strong masking odours) and water will obliterate the trail.

Defects in the neuroglottis can also in very rare cases result in stimulation of the energy-storage pathways, resulting in fat production. Normally Space Marines cannot become obese, but characters with this defect will require huge amounts of sustenance and will put on weight, usually in the form of a paunch – which will result in the character requiring a custom-made set of armour!

Mucranoid

Defects in the mucranoid can result in abnormal function of the sweat glands. In some cases, this can result in a slimy goo being secreted all over the Marine's body continuously. This is mostly cosmetic – the vents within power armour can be adapted to deal with the run-off, but interactions with other characters may be strained due to the Marine's unpleasant appearance. If the Space Marine is not wearing armour, any attempt to grapple him (e.g. *Hurl Opponent*) suffers -20% to hit due to his slimy skin. However the Space Marine suffers -20% to any rolls involving social interactions with allies (e.g. Leadership rolls) other than with fellow battle brothers due to the bubbling slime covering his skin.

Betcher's Gland

The Betcher's Gland may malfunction partially, allowing for toxin production but the processes that make the Marine immune from his own poison are defective. While he can store the toxin as normal, if he uses the *Spit Acid* ability, he must make a Resistance test against the Bloodfire poison himself.

A different mutation of the Betcher's gland is known to affect the growth of the teeth. The canines of the Space Wolves grow throughout their lives to form formidable tusks in old age. Such a mutation allows the character a free *bite* attack per turn (treat as an unarmed attack with Reach 0 that deals D6 damage).

Finally, a very rare mutation can result in the increased and efficient production of the muscles around the toxin sacks, allowing the Marine to squirt the venom considerable distances. The Steel Cobras practice the implantation of the Betcher's glands into the roof of the mouth, producing elongated fangs that can deliver the toxin and powerful muscles that are able to accurately strike enemies with venom dozens of yards away. A Space Marine with this mutation can project their venomous acid as a shooting attack once per turn with Range B, -10% Accuracy and a maximum range of 20 yards.

Progenoids

Every Chapter has the Progenoid glands because failure of this organ results in the demise of the Chapter. Individual Space Marines may suffer failure of this organ and such unfortunates are treated with superstitious derision by their battle brothers. It carries the stigma that the Space Marine cannot contribute to the future of the Chapter.

Hypno-indoctrination

While not an organ, some aspirants simply do not respond well to the hypno-indoctrination that Space Marines undergo. Such an individual will not benefit from the abilities that this process provides, nor the organs that require hypnotherapy to activate (the **catalepsean node** and **sus-an membrane**). They will



also likely suffer reduced mental characteristics: -10% to Initiative, Willpower, Sagacity, Nerve and Leadership. However, such individuals may also prove to be less blinkered by the single-minded prejudice of the Space Marines, a trait that the Inquisition may find useful...

ASTARTES ORGAN SUMMARY

Situation	Organ(s)	Bonuses
Additional abilities	Larraman's organ Betcher's gland Hypno-indoctrination	<i>True Grit</i> <i>Spit Acid</i> with Bloodfire toxin <i>Ambidextrous & Nerves of Steel</i>
Awareness	Ocullobe Lyman's ear	Re-roll failed Awareness tests (sight) Re-roll failed Awareness tests (hearing)
Injury	Secondary heart Ossmodula Haemastamen Sus-an membrane	Ignore first <i>Stunned</i> each turn Treat " <i>automatically suffers System Shock</i> " as " <i>must test for System Shock</i> " Attacks must do more damage than Base Injury Value to increase damage above Heavy Double Toughness for <i>System Shock</i> , <i>Consciousness</i> and <i>Instant Death</i> If Marine fails a <i>System Shock</i> test, Sus-an Membrane activates
Recovery	Larraman's organ	Roll D6 not D3 for recovery rolls -1 to Bleeding damage
Toxin/poison	Oolitic kidney Preomnor Muli-lung Neuroglottis	Re-roll resistance tests +10% versus ingested poison +10% versus gaseous poison Awareness check to detect poisons by taste or smell at -20%
Environmental effects	Muli-lung Melanochrome Mucranoid	+1 Armour and re-roll Toughness tests against: Drowning/asphyxiation Radiation Extremes of temperature
Miscellaneous	Biscopea Catalepsean node Omophagea Progenoid gland Black carapace	+40 to basic Strength No sleep required Derive memories from ingested brains. (Requires D3 turns <i>Stunned</i> & Sg test) Stores gene-seed. See full rules for removal. Required for power armour use (otherwise -1 Speed & no Strength bonus)

Orpheus panted, both hearts pumping in his ears, veins protruding from his muscles. The cultists' leader gave a guttural hiss as she died, tongue thrusting from her mouth, face purple as she choked. To her credit, she had tried to shoot him even with the corrosive venom he had spat in her face dissolving her eyes. But Orpheus was faster, stronger and he knew that the righteousness of purity was on his side. He had caught her weapon hand and snapped her arm as easily as he would once have broken a twig for kindling. With blasphemous power, she had attempted to invade his mind with strange visions and whispers of falsehood. But the Catechism of Disbelief had been fast upon his lips, just as his Chapter's Reclusiarchs had taught him. She failed and he crushed the life from her with the unbreakable grip of his hand upon her fragile neck.

He tossed the corpse contemptuously into the mud and filth of the crater's floor and, as her ragdoll form fell splayed across the bodies of her dead followers, the leader's robes fell open and Orpheus beheld the true mark of his enemy: the thrice-barred "I" of the Inquisition dangled from a golden chain around the woman's neck.

Why, Orpheus pondered as he gathered up the humming container and its precious contents, could the interfering fools not leave his brothers alone?

As he climbed deftly to the crater's lip to retrieve his rifle, the light of dawn was just breaking on the horizon and he squinted against it. The sun, enemy of his Chapter, was on its way. Orpheus pulled the hood of his

camouflage cloak up over his head to protect his white eyes and pale skin and disappeared into the long morning shadows to seek out the rest of his kind.

POSTSCRIPTUM

Editors notes:

The following optional rule is one that GMs may like to allow their players to use when facing Space Marines or other heavily-armoured foes, especially if your players are not inclined to take such things as lascannons to the tabletop. It isn't recommended for normal play. However, *Dark Magenta* would welcome feedback from players on how well they think this rule works and how they might improve it for more general use.

Weak Points

When dealing with high armour characters such as those in power armour, or (Emperor protect us) Terminator armour they can prove impossible to hurt with conventional weaponry. While this is largely all well and good (If all you've got is a laspistol, maybe you should leave that Terminator alone?) there should nevertheless be some chance of a skilled or lucky marksman hitting a weak spot.

If a "placed shot" is achieved when shooting, a player may *before rolling for location* declare that they are shooting for a weak spot. They may not alter the hit location roll, instead the target must halve the armour value for that location.

This is cumulative with the *Crack Shot* skill, and the armour still counts the full value for the purposes of destroying armour, etc.

+++ Intercept initiated +++ Stand by +++



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+++ Intercept lost +++ Transmission terminated +++

A Curse On't

Faults, Flaws and Afflictions in *Inquisitor*

A Word of Warning...

On the various on-line forums dedicated to *Inquisitor*, there are several topics that seem to crop up with a monotonous regularity that can leave veterans dizzy with frustration. Are Space Marines too strong? Who is mass-producing all this power armour? And what, exactly, is the difference between a Black Ship and a Blackship? But the one that I'm going to address – obliquely – in this article usually goes along the lines of "My new character has a split personality!"

Before I kick off with the meat of this article, therefore, I'm going to just give a couple of paragraphs to why this is (usually) a bad idea.

First of all, schizophrenia and Dissociative Identity Disorder (some-times called "multiple personalities") are not the same condition. I'm not a psychiatrist, so I don't intend to talk about the differences. However, I do know that both conditions are real, debilitating and distressing. And therefore the use of misconceived interpretations of these conditions for our amusement is, in my opinion, inappropriate. So I strongly advise you to not try to use these or any other, real psychological condition in your characters.

On the other hand, if you are a sufferer or are an expert in the treatment of sufferers and believe you can use a game character to raise awareness of a condition, then more strength to you! The rest of this article will hopefully assist you in your goal. And for everyone else, this article will give tips and hints on giving your characters unique flaws and afflictions of their own.

Future Imperfect

The Dark Millennium is a time of woe. For every heroic paragon, there are a thousand rotting corpses and ten thousand more that bear the physical and mental scars of their harsh reality. Perhaps more than any other, the *Inquisitor* must wear those scars, burdened as he is with triple curse of secret knowledge of the true threat, the duty to fight mankind's direst opponents and the longevity to face the deep futility of existence. In this respect, they have close equivalents amongst the ranks of the Rogue Traders, the tech-priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus and the highest echelons of the Imperium's great institutions.

In other words, time and experience take their toll on even the greatest. I hope you can see, therefore, the value of a "negative attribute". It is a sign of a character who has been through the galaxy's mills: the stigmata of the veteran and, thus, a potentially effective way to express the personality of your Player Character on the tabletop.

Afflictions fall into two basic types: physical and mental. But just because an affliction is physical doesn't mean it won't have an effect on a character's mental stats. Pain and discomfort can erode concentration or discipline. And vice versa, mental afflictions can undermine confidence and, therefore, performance.

"Ooh, me back!"

Taking physical afflictions first, these can be further broken down into illnesses and disabilities, which may themselves be either temporary or chronic:

Physical -> Illness -> Temporary

The character has an infection of some sort. It may just be a case of the sniffles, or it may be a virulent, engineered bacterium, or anywhere in between.

Depending on the severity of the illness, randomly select 1, D3 or D6 stats. Each stat is reduced by -D10 for the duration of the scenario.

If the character is on effective medication, his stats return to normal between each scenario. If not, the effects are cumulative from one scenario to the next, at the GM's discretion.

Physical -> Illness -> Chronic

Whether due to an old wound, age or an unhealthy lifestyle, the character suffers from a chronic illness. Most of the time, medication keeps it under control, but occasionally the pain becomes too much to bear.

Treat all Actions as Risky. If the character fails the Risk, he must pass a Toughness test or count as *stunned* (but not *prone*). He will continue to count as *stunned* until he passes a Toughness test in either the Recovery phase or as one of his Actions in a subsequent turn.

Physical -> Disability -> Temporary

The character is nursing a relatively recent wound or injury.

This may be as a result of an earlier scenario, in which case the location will be predetermined. Otherwise, randomly generate a location. The character counts as having taken one level of *damage* to that location and is suffering from any associated *persistent* effects. This affliction may be cumulative.

After each scenario, there is a 5% chance that the affliction becomes chronic.

Physical -> Disability -> Chronic

The life of an Inquisitor is hard enough, but for those without access to the resources of the Inquisition, it is easy to find oneself crippled forever by chance or poor judgment.

Most chronic disabilities can be dealt with by the use of technology, and rules for atrophied limbs can be found in the *Alien Generator* article. But severe disabilities will leave the character vulnerable as delicate supports, servos and other therapeutic bionics are damaged. A character's Base Injury Value counts as half normal on locations suffering chronic disability.

"I have these headaches..."

The other sort of affliction is mental. The gothic horror of the forty-first millennium is such that to list or attempt to describe possible mental afflictions that blight its population would need more than one lifetime. For that reason, I positively encourage you to come up with your own terms and descriptions for your characters' mental afflictions. What you can find below is a starting point only.

Addiction (Willpower)

Willpower (Wp) describes a character's ability to impose order on his own personality. It won't decide whether he fights or flees - a decision made in a much deeper part of his subconscious - but it will determine whether he sticks to a devotional regime or is able to control psychic powers.

This character must take a Willpower test before the first turn. If he fails, his attention is not fully on matters at hand and his nerves are on edge. Count Wp, Sg, Nv and Ld as 50 for the duration of the scenario unless they would normally be less than this. Characters that usually have *Nerves of Steel* or *Force of Will* lose its benefits for the duration.

Stupefaction (Sagacity)

The Dark Millennium is rife with secret knowledge that can strain even the coolest intellect to the limits of sanity. Sometimes the enormity of a person's knowledge can leave him stupefied at scale of the horror faced by humanity. The condition becomes worse, the more knowledgeable and intelligent a character grows.

This character must take a Sagacity test before the first turn. If he rolls *under* his Sagacity, he cannot Evade, move faster than a Run or use psychic powers and makes a successful action only on a 5+ (but still gets one action per turn automatically). In addition, he counts as having *Force of Will* for the duration of the scenario.

Warshock (Nerve)

There is only so much horror and abuse the human psyche can bear. When a person's limit has been reached, the brain may simply shut down to protect the psyche from further damage. The condition is often mistaken for cowardice, but warshock victims must dig into deep reserves of courage merely to raise themselves from their beds every day.

A character suffering from Warshock can never have the abilities *Nerves of Steel* or *Force of Will*. In addition, he must pass a Nerve test before the first turn of any scenario. If he fails, then all opposing characters count as *Fearsome*. If the character ever fails a Nerve test in the course of the scenario (whether or not he failed the Nerve test at the start of the game), then he must pass a Willpower test before he can attempt to do anything else, including recovering from *Pinning*. This test always takes one Action.

Doubt (Leadership)

Is it any wonder that an Inquisitor, privy to the Imperium's darkest secrets and daily exposed to its worst excesses, may come to question the point of it all?

A character suffering from Doubt may never be *Heroic*. In addition, he must take a Leadership test before the first turn of any scenario. If he fails, he may not benefit from the abilities *True Grit*, *Word of the Emperor* or *Leader* (either his own or from another character).

If the character's Leadership is ever less 50 at the end of a scenario, he must pass a Willpower test or seek the only reliable escape from the Dark Millennium.

And end to all this

As with all things, this article is intended to be both as broad as possible and yet no more than a starting point from which to inspire you to develop your own ideas for negative attributes with which to afflict your characters.

Some characters may begin their tabletop lives with an affliction to give them some depth or to reflect some aspect of their background. But – and this is only my opinion – I feel that they are best made use of for moving on and developing the personalities of established characters. For example, a character that has suffered numerous crippling injuries to his lower extremities may discover that all the technology in a forgeworld can't remove the constant ache in his knees.

Giving him a *chronic physical disability* in his legs will accurately portray his difficulty. Or a character that has spent a long time in association with a dangerous radical may begin to feel *Doubt*.

With time, you may even find that some characters accrue so many afflictions that the only sensible path is to give them honourable retirement. But their character sheet will be a testament to the service they have done their masters.

Still, however you make use of these rules, I hope they allow you to add a new and interesting dimension to your games.

Modelling Showcase – Nick Garrett

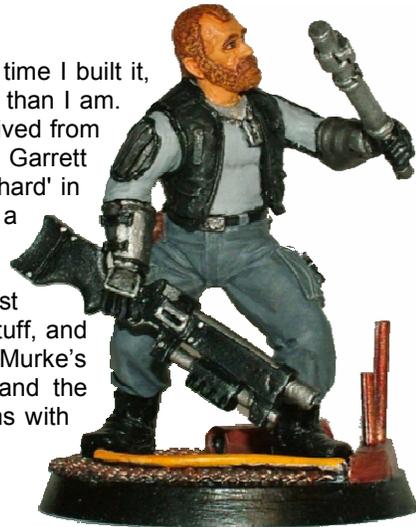
I have been a painter and gamer for nearly 16 years, concentrating mainly on the Warhammer 40,000 universe. I started collecting and playing in the era of Rogue Trader and Space Hulk. I bought my first Inquisitor model (Artemis) in 2001, thinking that I would just paint it for fun and play Inquisitor with 28mm scale models. However, when I got my hands on a 54mm model I became hooked, and over the last few years my Inquisitor collection has increased dramatically to its present level of 45 models (and still counting.) The figures display a far greater level of detail than 28mm figures, and the scope for conversion afforded by the larger scale is a wonderful thing for a clumsy oaf like me. I couldn't tell you the number of times I have cut myself, or glued my fingers to a model, my desk or each other while working with tiny 28 mm model pieces (although, as a friend recently pointed out, my record isn't *that* much better with 54mm pieces.)

This article shows a few of my more unusual conversions, pieces I feel a particular connection with, and what I feel are my best paint jobs. I have never been a great painter (and I'm convinced that I never will be), but I like to think that I am fairly good when it comes to the converting side of the hobby.

Victor Gerhard – Hired Thug

This model was very loosely based on my own appearance at the time I built it, although he is considerably more heavily built (and heavily armed) than I am. The name 'Victor Gerhard' is a twist on my own name. Nick is derived from Nike, which is Greek for 'victory,' and Victor is the Latin equivalent. Garrett means 'son of Gerhard or Gerard' (both names mean 'spear' and 'hard' in German.) It sounds like a great name for a warrior, doesn't it? (And a frankly ridiculous name for me, all things considered!)

I am rather fond of this model, even though it might not have the best paint job, as it was my first attempt at sculpting hair out of green stuff, and my first highly detailed base. To build this model, I used Toothpick Murke's legs, Talon's torso, Eisenhorn's head (with the wires removed, and the green stuff hair and beard added), and Damien Bloodhound's arms with the Adeptus Arbites model's gauntlets and weapons.



Azar Roshan - Rogue Psyker

I think that the inspiration behind this model will be fairly obvious to anybody who is familiar with the Necromunda miniatures range. After reading Ben Hulston's 'Lectures On The Witch' articles on the Specialist Games website (which provide an excellent set of house rules for the use of rogue psykers in Inquisitor), I thought 'How much more rogue can you get than a Necromundan Wyrd, running amok in the underhive, using his powers without restriction?' I have always liked the Pyromaniac Wyrd model, and I decided to have a go at building an equivalent in 54mm scale.

I used the Necron Deceiver as a base for this conversion, since it is in a very similar position to the original Wyrd model. As it was my first attempt at such an ambitious project, I used a combination of green stuff and parts from my bits box for the detail (mainly because my attempts at sculpting the more complex parts were absolutely laughable!) For example, the arms were built using biceps from a plastic Necromunda Goliath model, Covenant's gauntlets, and some green stuff. Interestingly, both boots are from Slick Devlan, however, to get the angles right I had to swap left for right and right for left, (the right boot also needed a slight modification to the ankle.) I have always liked what I refer to as the 'Necromunda Pattern Autopistol', and I wanted to replicate it as closely as possible.

This was a complicated build, and involved six pieces from four different weapons (the receiver and grip are from an Inquisitor scale shotgun, the barrel is built out of a 2nd edition plastic autopistol and a plastic Goliath autogun, the stock is from a Space Marine boltgun, and the magazine is from the same autogun that I used

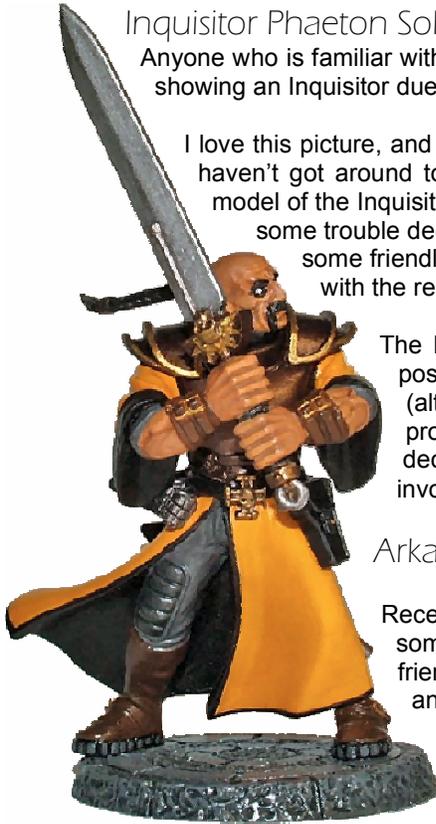


for the muzzle.) The clothing is all made from green stuff; since it was my first attempt at sculpting clothes, the finish is quite rough, but all in all, it is one of my favourite models if only because the odds of anybody else having anything like it are miniscule.

Inquisitor Phaeton Sohl – Ordo Xenos

Anyone who is familiar with the Inquisitor rulebook will surely have seen the artwork on page 93 showing an Inquisitor duelling with a desperado.

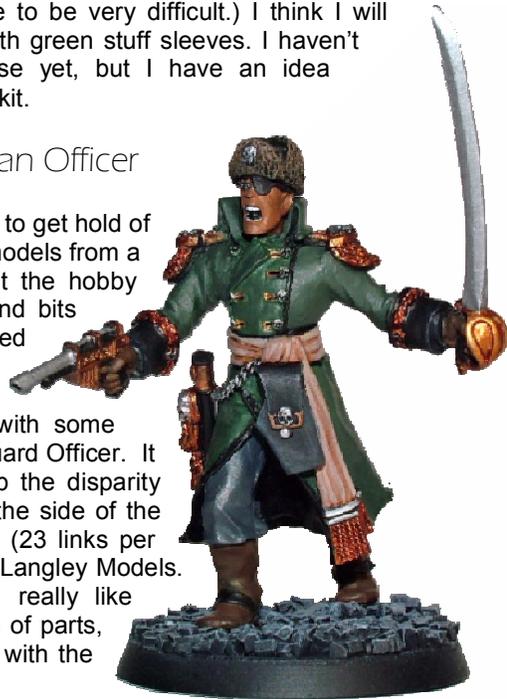
I love this picture, and have always wanted to build models of the two characters. So far, I haven't got around to the Desperado type, but this represents my attempt at building a model of the Inquisitor. There are differences I know, but I think he is recognizable. I had some trouble deciding on a paint scheme for this model, but thanks to some help from some friendly Conclavers, the dark yellow was fixed upon, and I am fairly pleased with the results.



The Desperado model I have planned will be built around Slick Devlan, possibly with Sgt. Stones legs repositioned into a fighting crouch position (although this could prove to be very difficult.) I think I will probably use Ork arms with green stuff sleeves. I haven't decided what head to use yet, but I have an idea involving an Andrea model kit.

Arkady Stribog, Valhallan Officer

Recently I was lucky enough to get hold of some of the discontinued models from a friend of a friend who quit the hobby and sold his collection and bits box. This box contained the Valhallan head and legs, which I decided to combine with some bits from Von Castellan and Kal Jerico to build this Imperial Guard Officer. It was necessary to build a belt out of green stuff to cover up the disparity between the legs and torso, and to match with the sash on the side of the holster. The chain is just some model chain (23 links per inch, 'S link' chain, from a company called Langley Models. <http://www.langley-models.co.uk/>). I really like the ornate look of this combination of parts, and the grizzled look of the face with the eye-patch.



Odranoel, Alien Warrior

This is a simple conversion, built using the body, arms, legs, backpack and shoulder pads from the Krashrak model, and one of the alternate heads from the associated conversion pack. I wanted to build an alien warrior, rather than a bounty hunter, so I decided it would have two swords rather than a catchpole and knife. Removing the weapons from the hands was a simple task, as was replacing them with swords from the Bodyguard model. The spikes on the handles come from the top of Krashrak's trophy poles. The pistol is the neural shredder from the Callidus model, which I think looks suitably alien.



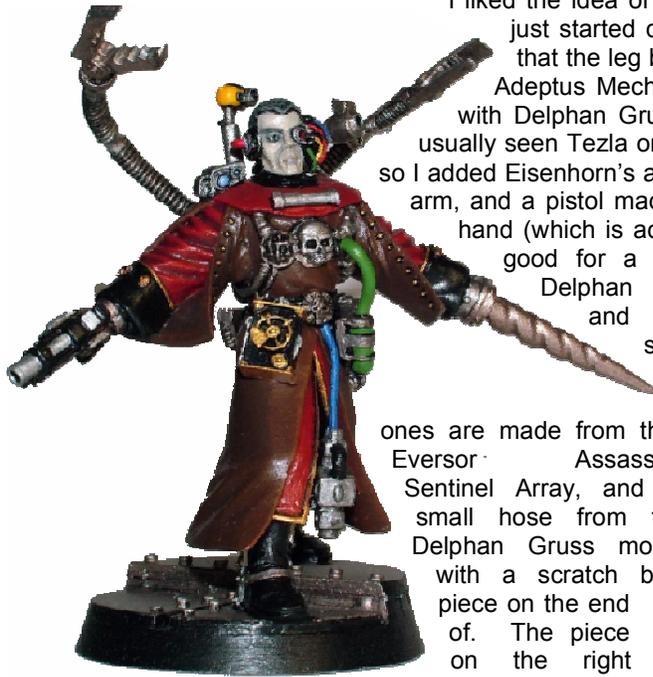
Rogue Trader Thosis Targen



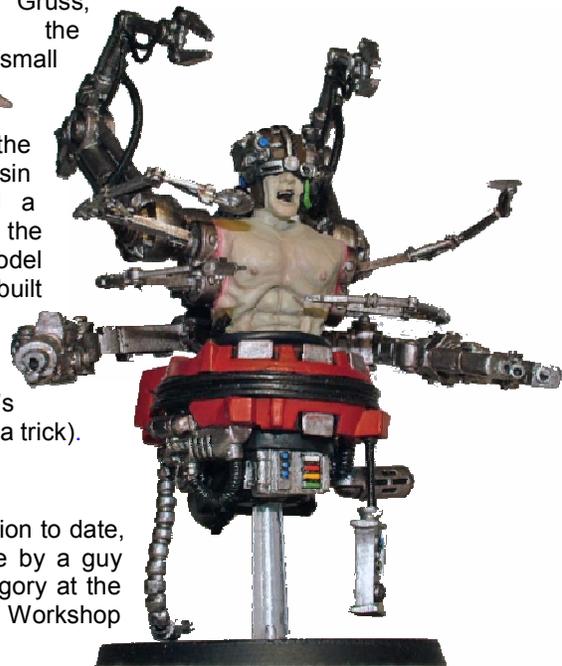
This model was inspired by the artwork on the front cover of the old Black Library novel 'Eye Of Terror'. I liked the clothing and the position of the character in the artwork so much that I tried to duplicate it as closely as possible, although I wasn't terribly keen on his green striped trousers. Most of the parts used on this model are from the Inquisitor range, however the moustache, chest strap, shoulder braid, belt, and leg armour are made from green stuff. The shoulder pads were built using the casing from a cylindrical ballpoint pen. They were fixed to the arms with paperclip pins (which I ground down using a Dremel tool to make them look more like rivets). The rims and padding underneath were built out of green stuff. The shoulder braid was made by twisting together two long, thin cylinders of green stuff.



Explorator Szilard Vrinx



I liked the idea of creating a young(ish) techpriest, one who has just started down the road of bionic augmentation. I thought that the leg braces on Eisenhorn's legs would work well for an Adeptus Mechanicus character, so I tried them in combination with Delphan Gruss' torso and Tyrus' head (instead of the more usually seen Tezla or Gruss heads.) These bits worked well together, so I added Eisenhorn's arms, with Gruss' implant breacher fitted to the left arm, and a pistol made out of a cut down Arbites shotgun in his right hand (which is actually the Eversor's hand, as I think that it looks good for a bionic.) The large mechadendrites are from Delphan Gruss, and the small ones are made from the Eversor Assassin Sentinel Array, and a small hose from the Delphan Gruss model with a scratch built piece on the end of. The piece on the right shoulder is from Eisenhorn's



right shoulder (getting it off without damaging it was quite a trick).

Servitor Zhelyazko 523

This is probably my most ambitious and unusual conversion to date, the inspiration for which came from a magnificent piece by a guy called Thibaut Payen, who took Silver in the squad category at the German Golden Demon in 2006, and a piece of Games Workshop

artwork. Here is a link to the relevant miniature: <http://www.coolminiornot.com/117822> and here is a link to the picture: http://www.games-workshop.es/especialista/inquisitor/images/galeria/gal_img_12g.jpg

The main body was built using the Van Yastobaal helmeted head on a Damien 1427 torso, and the small arms from the Forgeworld Xenos Dissection Table. The anti-gravity platform is made from a Land Raider hatch sprue, some telephone wire, and the bulk of a Forgeworld Imperial Scanner. I used many small bits of 'tech' to add detail to the platform, including a vent from a Space Marine jump pack, a plug built out of a heavy plasma gun hose and one of Damien 1427's injectors, an exhaust made from a Lemman Russ heavy flamer tank and a meltagun nozzle, Tezla's control panel dangling from a guitar string, a piece from an Andrea Models SF kit, and the body of a meltagun. The backpack is a Techmarine servo harness with the standard lower arms, and the large arms from the Forgeworld Xenos Dissection Table attached to the top.

Bahman Anahita – Sanctioned Psyker

This is my most recent model (at the time of writing this article,) and I think that it might be my favourite model in my collection (but I am not very good at choosing favourites.) I am pretty pleased with how it turned out anyway.

The model was built using Eisenhorn's head, Von Castellan's arms, and the discontinued Kal Jerico torso and Valhallan legs. The long purity seals came from a Warhammer steam tank. The bionic right hand was made by splicing together two of the three-fingered Necron Lord hands to make one four-fingered hand. I think that it makes a fairly good bionic hand, and a reasonable alternative to the one from the hard-to-get Inquisitor Scarn model.



Choosing Names

I have never been good at choosing names for my characters, but as a character name is so important for the nature of the game, I had to find a way around this. The members of my first Inquisitor gaming group all had the same problem, so we each chose a different country, and named our characters after famous people from that country. I chose Denmark, and my first warband was made up of Inquisitor Soren Kierkegaard, his apprentice Tycho Brahe, and an enforcer called Niels Bohr. I later found a very useful website, which provides information about the etymology of names. Here is a link <http://www.behindthename.com/> If you look up most of my character's names on this site, you will find their names tell you something about their nature or profession.

The Genestealer Cult



Some of the first Warhammer 40,000 figures that I ever saw were the plastic miniatures that came with the game 'Space Hulk.' I was particularly drawn to the Purestrain Genestealers. When I delved deeper into the background of the 40K universe, and found out about Hybrids, Cults, Patriarchs and Magi, the Genestealers became one of my favourite races in the game. The Genestealers are such an insidious and alien threat

that they make a wonderful adversary for an Inquisitor to deal with. I decided that I pretty much had to build an Inquisitor scale cult.

Unfortunately for me, by the time I got around to building my cult, the models had all been discontinued where I live (in the UK), and the Magus model had been discontinued altogether. Fortunately, I was able to get my hands on several Hybrid conversion packs from Games Workshop USA.

The Magus is made from Covenant's legs and Eisenhorn's torso (which has been slightly modified with green stuff flak armour.) I like the idea of models with empty hands, so I gave it arms from the Eldar Ranger with the hands from an old plastic Genestealer, and was pleased with the pose that came naturally to the pieces when I put them together. For the staff on its back, I used a small glass bead and an unidentified piece that I had in my bits box.

The four-armed hybrid is a simple conversion using parts from the Hybrid conversion pack. The two-armed Hybrid gunslinger has arms from a 40K Ork biker. The 'Feral' hybrid is made from Damien 1427 with a hybrid head, and the forearms and lower legs from a Tyranid Broodlord spliced in to the limbs. I painted them in colours similar to the original Space Hulk Purestrains with lighter purple/pink skin tones for the later generation hybrids.

The Hive Gang



Quite a few scenarios require NPCs and GM controlled models, and what better way for a GM to throw a player's plan into disarray than by introducing a gang with their own agenda onto the table? The models have the added benefit of being usable as Genestealer Brood Brothers, or even as characters in their own right should I wish. To give them the appearance of a unified gang, they were all built using combinations of bodies and legs from Talon and Toothpick Murke, with a paint scheme inspired by the Necromunda House Orlock models.

Close Combat Specialist, Vigo Njord

This model would be absurdly expensive to build if you didn't have any of the pieces in your bits box (buying the bits new would cost about £45!). I really liked the judge model's leg armour, but only his right leg is usable (the left is hidden in the folds of his coat) so I had to buy two just to get the legs to use on this conversion. These were combined with Von Castellan's upper legs to get the running pose. The arms were built using two Eversor left arms, combined with the gauntlets from the Judge model. The pistol is based on the Eversor's, but with a magazine from a space marine bolter and a 2nd edition plastic hand flamer nozzle added to it to make it into an autopistol with exterminator cartridge.



Fire Support Specialist, Serik Tane



This model was a much more simple conversion, built mainly from Imperial Guard parts, with Covenant's torso, an Adeptus Arbites head, and a bolter from the sadly discontinued bolt weapons pack. I wanted him to be kitted out with as much equipment as possible so gave him a knife from the Eversor Assassin, with his other accessories coming mainly from the 40k Space Marine range (with some bits dating all the way back to the Rogue Trader era). The backpack is made from a 2nd edition Wolf Scout Sergeant backpack with the Sentinel array from the 40k Eversor Assassin attached to it.

Future Plans

I have a rather scattershot approach to modelling, preferring to physically fit different pieces together to see what looks good, rather than designing and sketching out a fixed idea, and constructing models based on the sketch. This random nature also applies to my planning. Since I have a large bits box, I tend to throw things together and go from there, rather than planning out a warband. Naturally, I have a few ideas about which pieces I may use next, but these are subject to change at a second's notice. At the time of writing, I am working on a Witch Hunter warband. The leader is a power-armoured fiend with a chainsword and storm bolter. He is going to be accompanied by an interrogator with a hand flamer and chainsword (just what he needs for purging witches!), a female Crusader, and the Sanctioned Psyker included in this article. These are all in various stages of completion. My other projects that I have ideas for include more members of my still unfinished Adeptus Mechanicus warband, several citizen NPC models, a Bounty hunter, and a Commissar.

A Violated Sanctuary

An Inquisitor Battle Report

By Ruaridh Dall, Jeremy Lowe and Derek Gillespie

Derek: Well, we're back! Response to our first foray onto the battlefield, reported in the last issue of *Dark Magenta*, seems to have been largely positive – our many thanks for all of the kind feedback we received. Heartened by this, we'd like now to present the continuing saga of Inquisitors Goddard and Saussure upon the surface of the war-ravaged planet of Agripinaa. When we last met our protagonists, Goddard had stumbled into the middle of one of Saussure's operations upon the planet, in the process of carrying out his own operations against a shadowy group sabotaging local utilities in the main hive on the planet. A firefight ensued between Saussure's men and Goddard's as the latter chased some suspected recidivists straight

into the midst of a gathering orchestrated by the former! When the dust settled, both Inquisitors had turned up, and everyone had got out without fatal injuries. The two Inquisitors have now decided to work together to combat the greater threat facing the planet, of which Goddard had uncovered only a small part. But, is all as it seems?

Once more, GW Glasgow provided the space for the game, for which we are all grateful to manager Andy and his staff. My old friend Jez Lowe pulls on his Gamesmaster's boots for the second time, and has doubtless got some more devilish surprises up his sleeve to wrong-foot Ruaridh and I. Onwards to the action!



Goddard folded Dexter's arms across his chest and locked his thumbs together so his hands formed the Aquilla. He closed Dexter's eyes and said a prayer for his departed spirit. Goddard looked down at his face one last time, and zipped the body bag shut.

That made thirty-three, Goddard thought, thirty-three of his associates, thirty-three friends that had died since the Eye had spat out the legions of darkness in late 999. All good people; all dedicated to He on Terra. Was this the fate they deserved? Snuffed out by a burst of lasfire in a dingy hab-block light years from where they called home? Perhaps not, but all had died in the Emperor's service, and there was no better way to die.

Goddard looked over the glass covered floor of the safehouse to the couch where Lisa lay. She would not die today, but she clutched her leg and groaned as if she had minutes to live. David sat impassively on a chair by the door, his Lak 7 on his lap while he sat guard. Choi stood over the worktable on the far side of the room; his hellgun stripped down to its component parts as he cleaned it and offered up prayers to its machine spirit. He had found time to remove his helmet, but his carapace torso armour was still in place. He would not leave himself vulnerable while on an operation. His professionalism was unparalleled, and Goddard was eternally thankful that he could call upon Huan to protect him and spearhead his missions. Goddard was certain he would once again prove his worth in the coming hours.

Saussure's description of the terrorist action against the Celestian port had not come as any surprise to Goddard when they had met some hours ago. The world was in turmoil, and such despicable actions were to be expected, but the fact that the Lords Ryan had left it so open to attack was deeply troubling. The government was overwhelmed by the forces arrayed against it, but Lord Enchivar Ryan seemed determined to only look after his own, and not address the problems his peoples were encountering. Theobald had backed up what Saussure had said later; no concerted effort was being made to repair the arms factories, and security forces at the local level were either missing from key areas or too busy looking after themselves to clear the streets of insurrectionists. There had been no top-down purge of the Administratum or military and the more Goddard had thought about it, the clearer to him it had become: there was a definite possibility that the government itself was the root of the corruption. Just like the water syndicate had failed to repair its distribution services, Enchivar Ryan could equally have done nothing proactive with regards to securing Agripinaa as a whole. The information on the data-tablet was damning, and there was surely no way that Enchivar's laxity and Cato's apparent treachery could not be linked. Whatever the evidence seemed to say

though, such notions were not to be taken lightly, and definitive proof would be required before Goddard would dare move against the Governor.

For the time being however, Goddard needed to concentrate on clearing the ruins of the Cathedral of Saint Ethusias of the terrorists bent on destroying the Celestian port. An attack like this would not be without risks to their own wellbeing, and he could not dwell on the conspiracy at large if he wanted to complete this mission. Besides, there was a definite possibility that as a centre of operations, the cathedral ruins could be home to a number of ringleaders and more information on the involvement of Cato Ryan. That was a lot better than anything Theobald and Burrell could offer as an alternative for exposing the leadership of the rebellion, so this was not just a purge for the sake of it. If things went well Goddard knew he could find himself in command of enough facts to end the madness afflicting Agripinaa, and what was his purpose here if not to restore the world to order?

The mission then would be to destroy the recidivist cell and take prisoners for interrogation. Goddard would have liked the assistance of the Adeptus Arbites, but that would take time to organise and they needed to act as quickly as they could to break the back of this particular movement. A small knot of men on foot would draw a lot less attention too than a cavalcade of Rhinos, and there would be less time for resistance to be organised, and more importantly still, less time for the leaders to destroy any important evidence of their actions and escape. Saussure was due to send his acolyte Carter in his stead to lead the attack. Goddard expected to see one or both of the "smakheads" in attendance too. He was yet to meet Carter, but Saussure had assured him that he would be perfect for this sort of operation, and to Goddard that implied that Carter had a head-down mentality. He didn't think that would be a problem considering what could lie ahead though. Brute force would be their friend, he was sure. He looked back to Lisa.

'How's the leg?' he asked.

'Worse than my guts and my arm,' she replied through gritted teeth.

'The morphia is wearing off?'

'Smakkin' right it is,' she said gruffly.

Goddard stood and took an auto-injector from his belt and walked over to where Theobald lay. She rolled up a sleeve and offered her arm to Goddard. He jabbed the needle into her deltoid, and with a hiss the painkiller was driven into her arm. She relaxed and sunk back onto the couch. 'You won't be joining us in the assault,' Goddard told her. 'You are to rest, understand?'

'Yes,' she answered wearily.

'David, Huan,' Goddard continued, 'Carter is due to arrive in a couple of minutes. Ready your equipment, it's time.'

'Yes sir,' Choi answered smartly, and set about reassembling his weapon. David inhaled deeply and stood.

'Game on,' he said, smiling. Ever upbeat, Goddard thought.

There was a knock at the door.

'Tomashek Goddard?' a voice called out.

Goddard opened the door to reveal a man in his late twenties, athletically built and with a chiselled jawline. A crimson waistcoat of stiffened leather sat over neat grey robes, subtly emblazoned with the =][= of the Inquisition. A sizable power sword hung from the scabbard by the man's side.

'I am Nathaniel Carter,' he said, 'Interrogator seconded to the entourage of Lord Herodotus Benedict Saussure, of the Ordo Hereticus Terran.'

'That I guessed,' Goddard replied, nodding at the sword. 'There's no time to lose, Interrogator, lead the way.'

Further Interrogation Required

Left to Right: Stormtrooper Sergeant Huan Choi, Archeotech Prospector David Burrell and Inquisitor Tomashek Goddard.



Ruaridh: In the previous game, Theobald and Burrell failed to get hold of the assassins that killed the prisoner they had been holding, and therefore they and Inquisitor Goddard could not discover who had called for the killing to keep the prisoner's mouth shut. They instead bundled into Inquisitor Saussure's operation, and Theobald and Burrell found themselves in a small spot of bother. The situation was resolved before anyone died, but Goddard now finds himself trusting Saussure's words. As a member of the Ordo Terran, Saussure appears to be nothing other than trustworthy and Goddard has no reason to disbelieve his information on the insurrection. That is why they now find themselves about to storm a ruined cathedral filled with numberless recidivists in the hope to break this centre of operations and nab themselves another prisoner to interrogate. Little do they know that they have fast become pawns in Saussure's plan.

After having such fun in the first game, I was looking forward to getting back into the action with this one. Together the three of us has thrashed out what had been said between Saussure and

Goddard after the first game and worked out what our fellows needed to do in this one. Goddard's mission was fairly simple: secure one of the leaders as a prisoner for interrogation about the recidivist Brotherhood. However, there would no doubt be quite a few hurdles to cross on the way!

We decided that Theobald would have to sit this one out to nurse her wounds, but I would have Goddard and Choi on the table from the get-go. David would be there too, but probably as a well-meaning passenger once again! As expected of an Inquisitor, Goddard can handle himself, though he's fairly lightly armed. His shock maul (presented to him by the High Procurator of Subiaco Diablo) would be good for subduing a prisoner, and his carapace breastplate would hopefully keep him safe from harm. Ordo Malleus Stormtrooper Sergeant Huan Choi is a veritable tank, kitted out with a hellgun, grenades, a couple of gunsights and a ton of carapace where it matters, but then again he should be as one of the Ordo Malleus's elite. I'm counting on him to keep the others safe!



Sacrificing a Pawn

Left to Right: Sanctioned Psyker Vasa Sark, Interrogator Nathaniel Carter and Inquisitorial Ward Mikael Durant with cyber-mastiff.



Derek: Well, thanks to a rare outbreak of competent dice rolling in the last game, Saussure has managed to get Goddard and his henchmen on-side for an attack upon a hub of the recidivist movement. Saussure knows they're there because, well, he's been supporting the same movement to push Lord Ryan's inept control of Agripinaa to breaking point. Still, they *are* traitors to the Imperial cause, regardless, and they've just outlived their usefulness to the aged Inquisitor.

Saussure has sent Nathaniel Carter to aid Goddard, accompanied by the previously seen Mikael Durant, Inquisitorial Ward, and the distinctly underhanded Vasa Sark, a sanctioned psyker of long service with Saussure. Nathaniel is an extremely capable and pious individual, on the cusp of being awarded full Inquisitorial status. However, the recent death of his mentor, Inquisitrix Lise d'Uset – by another member of the Inquisition – has seen him seconded to Saussure's operation to complete his training. The loss of his mistress has hit him hard and, at this point in time, he's maybe not as level-headed

as he should be. He's likely to be very direct in his dealings with these traitor scum, seeing as they've defiled an Imperial cathedral, and Durant will be right beside him, given his penchant for being where the fighting is thickest.

Sark, on the other hand, is here for an entirely different purpose. Having almost no useful combat abilities to speak of, Sark is a sanctioned telepath of significant ability. Saussure has tasked him with hunting down the ring-leader of this brood of recidivists and planting incriminating information into his or her head, such that Goddard will be convinced by what Saussure's been telling him. Saussure has no wish to get involved with fighting Goddard, he just needs the younger Inquisitor to not mess up an operation he's been involved with for months! As such, Sark will be waiting until the bullets start flying, then slinking off to carry out his personal orders while no-one's looking!

At least, that's the plan...



In the Director's chair

Jez: The first game had been a real pleasure and reasonably simple to run. This one, however, was

a little more complex. Both players were deploying operatives with significant skills and

were likely to be able to quickly and methodically clear the cathedral of its unwelcome denizens. However, if the plot between the Byzantine Saussure and the erstwhile Goddard was to have a chance to play out then there would need to be some careful management to ensure the right circumstances presented themselves for a thrilling climax to the game.

With this in mind we agreed that the terrorist cell would be blessed with a good number of 'red-shirts' scattered through out the area. They would have little chance of detecting the elite operatives of the Emperor's Inquisition as they infiltrated the cathedral but, once the shooting started, they would come running. Mechanically, this meant

that as one terrorist was killed or subdued, a replacement would appear.

Given the martial prowess of the two warbands, I felt there would be little chance of them being overwhelmed but any direct progress would be slowed, giving Sark a slim window of opportunity to complete his mission.

To further increase both the drama and the opportunity for creative thinking I ruled that the night-time infiltration into a ruined part of hive would incur significant penalties to sight and shooting (unless the shooter was equipped with suitable night-vision equipment).



The ruins of Cathedral San Ethusias reared up in front of Goddard like an almighty fractured skeleton of some long-dead gargantuan beast. Like so much of the Hive around it, the cathedral had been indiscriminately shelled by both sides during the conflict and had been reduced to little more than fire-blackened rubble. Only a few pillars stood defiantly amongst the destruction, marking out the cathedral's perimeter and where the internal corridors and chambers had once lain. The arched entrance stood nearly complete and dwarfed the surrounding buildings. It loomed oppressively over Goddard, and out of the corner of his eye he could see David looking up at it longingly. Alongside Burrell, Choi had raised his hellgun to his shoulder to view the entrance through his gunsights. The Stormtrooper was not letting grandeur get in the way of his professionalism.

'What can you see?' Goddard called to him.

'Shadows,' Choi replied without breaking aim, 'there's a lot of dark in there. What's left of the roof is blocking out a lot of light. We need to move carefully.'

Shadows meant hiding places, Goddard thought, and if Saussure's intelligence had been even half-correct, there could be up to a score of armed men concealed within the dark interior of the cathedral. It sickened him that recidivists would use a house of the Emperor as a base of operations, but he would take no small joy in routing the defilers from within its walls. Furthermore, the cathedral would surely hold information on the Brotherhood, and just perhaps, they would find out just how high the cancer had spread in the Administratum.

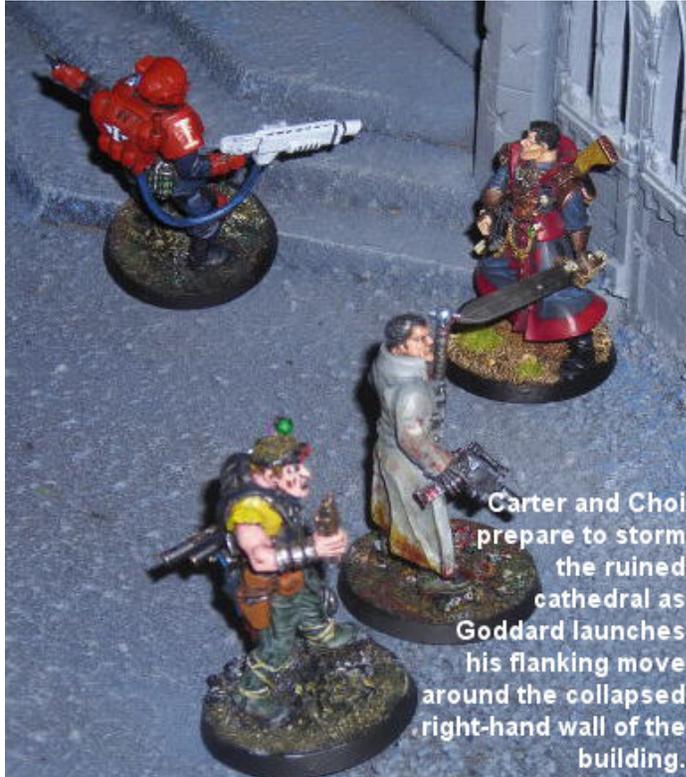
In the parallel street, Special Officer Mikael Durant crunched through rubble, a pump-action shotgun cradled within his arms, and his cyber-mastiff keeping close-by his side. He wasn't trying very hard for stealth – there was so much loose gravel and detritus spread around that it was almost impossible not to make some noise as they approached the husk of the cathedral ahead. He paused for a second, and lifted the winged skull icon around his neck to his lips. He kissed it. "Emperor forgive them for what they have done to His house", he mumbled, and let the devotional jewellery fall back against the crimson slab of his carapace armour. Carter, slightly ahead of him and a few metres away on the other side of the street, raised his hand and signalled for them to halt, causing Durant to rack the slide of his shotgun and move, back to the wall, towards the edge of the ruined buildings facing the cathedral. Carter ran over to stand just behind him.

"I need to see the Inquisitor and sort out how we're going to do this, Mikael. Hold here until I signal you over the comm-net."

"Of course, Nathaniel. Any ideas?"

"Well, someone's going to have to cause a diversion if we're going to have any chance of outflanking whoever's inside there. I'm sure you'd be willing to accompany me if the Inquisitor gave us the honour, no?"

Carter turned and headed off towards where he assumed Goddard would be. Durant liked the man, and was pleased he'd stayed around with Saussure for the last few months. There had been talk that he wasn't going to finish his training, but they hadn't heard Nathaniel say that for a long time now. Thing with Nathaniel, as far as Mikael was concerned, was that he was like him. Sure, he was much smarter, and had found religion in a big way, but he was still a man from the bottom of Imperial society, like him. Only real difference was Nathaniel had dragged himself out of that life with his sharp mind a quick sword arm, and Durant was privately determined to help him complete the transition.



Goddard brought Burrell and Choi to a halt at the corner of the last building before the stairs to the cathedral's entrance, and looked left through the burnt-out structure for Saussure's acolyte. Interrogator Carter, on first impressions, seemed headstrong and had an overriding desire to prove himself. In those respects, he reminded Goddard of Theobald, but where Lisa had flair for stealth, Carter seemed exceptionally in favour of brute force. His combatant mindset was perfect for this assault, and that was no doubt why Saussure had sent him to lead his agents. Almost on cue, Carter appeared at the opposite corner of the building's frontage, a steely look of determination on his face. Goddard signalled for him, and Carter padded across to the inquisitor's side.

'Thoughts?' Goddard asked.

'We mount a diversionary frontal attack,' Carter answered swiftly. 'We need to keep the enemy contained within the cathedral to allow a flanking force time to get in behind them.'

'Huge element of risk for the diversion, no?' Goddard responded.

'I'll lead the frontal attack,' Carter replied. 'Volunteers from your side?'

Goddard looked to Burrell and Choi. David looked nervous, but the Stormtrooper was, as always, in a battle-ready stance. 'Sergeant Choi, take the entrance with Carter. David, stay with me on the flank.'

'Sir,' Choi assented. David simply nodded.

'Very well,' Carter said. 'Good luck.'

'The Emperor is with us,' Goddard said, and released the safety catch on his Havoy.

Carter watched Goddard and his prospector move off, trying to keep within the shadows as they made to skirt the collapsed wall of the cathedral. He slid his power sword free from the loop on his belt and glanced back at Sergeant Choi, seeing himself reflected in the visor of the Stormtrooper.

"The Emperor is our Shield and our Protector. He on Terra sees those who would defile His house, and will grant us the strength to cleanse them". Choi nodded curtly in response to the prayer, and allowed his hellgun to fall free as he made the Aquilla. "Cover me as I go, Sergeant", Carter said, and thumbed the activation stud in the hilt of his blade. The soft blue glow illuminated the rubble around him. He tapped the comm-bead into life.

“Mikael, we’re going in the front. Choi is with us and will cover the advance – follow me in. Sark, are you with us?”



Vasa Sark heard the message from the Interrogator, and it stopped him in his tracks. Durant, the muscle-bound simpleton, was off to his right, shotgun raised and focussed upon the darkened opening of the cathedral doorway. Sark might have his own work to do down here, but Inquisitor Saussure had made it clear that it was for him alone. He had to get everyone else engaged in combat – where they hardly expected *him* to be – before he could do what was asked of him. He calmed himself, and cast his mind free across the square, feeling the soulfire of those inside. No-one resisted him – there was no psyker-trace amongst these poor fools. He would be unmolested in what was to follow.

They advance, Interrogator. Three are converging on the fallen archway, and two take cover deeper within the structure. I can feel their minds – they know anger at our trespass.

Carter winced at the intrusion into his mind. The witch had his uses, but he was no friend to Nathaniel – none of their kind were. Not the telepaths. “Is your comm broken, Sark?”, he asked.

The soft voice came back, unsettling for suddenly appearing in his ear this time. “My apologies, Interrogator – a force of habit. Lord Saussure finds it useful to avoid such crude communication.”

“I don’t, Sark. The Master isn’t here, so we do things my way. We’re going in – I need you to do whatever you can to confound their actions as we attack, and inform us of approaching dangers.”

Sark smirked. He knew the youngster didn’t feel comfortable around him. “Of course, Interrogator. Emperor guide you.”



Sark and Durant survey the ruins of the cathedral, intent on the battle to come.

There was one hiding behind the thick pillars of what had once been the doorway. An open mind, pliable and receptive. Sark grinned, his lips pulling back from his teeth, making him look even more skeletal than usual. He barely had to try, sending his will effortlessly through the pathetic mental barriers the man possessed. He felt the merest hint of surprise and fear, then had control of him like a puppet on a string. Without a second’s hesitation, Sark willed the helpless man out of cover and into the open.

Carter was already running for the smashed remains of the central door pillar, power sword in hand and stubber drawn, when he saw the man stumble out of his concealment in a bemused fashion. A shotgun barked from off to his left, and he saw Durant rack the slide again. The target flinched, rudely roused from whatever stupor had affected him, but the shell had missed and he was still on his feet. Rage crossed his

face at the trespass of Carter onto his temple, and he bounded down the steps towards the charging Interrogator, a chain-glove roaring to life around his left fist. Carter sprang to meet him.

Mind Control

Derek: I was extremely pleased at Sark's mental prowess in taking control of the hidden recidivist after using Psi-Track to scan the board and focus on the obviously dangerous, chainfist-wielding maniac waiting, otherwise unseen, to gut Carter. I can't always help the feeling that every time my psychic characters try anything, their brains are likely to dribble from their ears. However, in this instance Sark performed expertly, guiding the hapless fool out into the waiting overwatch sights of Durant. Of course, the Ward fluffed his take-down shot in the extreme gloom (damn Jez's harsh range penalties!), leaving the goon free to attack the on-coming Cater with impunity. Sigh...



The rubble under Goddard's feet was making progress slow. They had barely made it six yards before the sound of gunfire was ringing out from the entrance behind them. He had his Havoy raised in front of him now in the knowledge that any element of surprise they could have relied on had well and truly deserted them. Force was the only option open to them now. He turned his head to David as he hovered at his right shoulder, and motioned for him to draw his gun. Burrell was a good investigator, but he was no warrior. It was unfair to pressgang him into this kind of operation, but Goddard was confident that he would do his part without dissent or cowardice. Goddard focussed on a mound of smashed wall that lay across their path some metres ahead. He caught sight of movement behind it and before he could shout a warning to David, stubber fire began thudding into the stones around them, ricocheting wildly. He grabbed David by his armour and dragged him back into cover at the corner of the cathedral.

'Smak that,' David huffed as more rounds buried themselves in the stone they sheltered behind. Goddard nodded. They were back where they had started and the flanking manoeuvre was not going to be a gentle stroll by any stretch of the imagination now.



The chain-glove whirred passed Carter's head, missing his body by mere inches as he twisted his shoulder out of the way. His charge was disrupted by the sheer ferocity of the recidivist's attack, carried out with almost no regard for his own safety. Carter brought his power sword up and inside the man's guard, but a strong hand intercepted his wrist and held it fast. He locked eyes with his opponent, both of them straining against one another. The shriek of the crude chain-weapon filling his ears, Carter brought the butt of his revolver up and cracked the man across the chin, making him recoil and release Carter's wrist. Swinging his sword freely once more, he brought the blade across his body in a flat arc, making his foe jump backwards, the heavy glove trailing slightly behind the rest of his retreating body. The leading edge of the power field clipped the whirling blades, and the resultant energy surge temporarily shut down the chain mechanism, buying him a moment of respite. Nathaniel was aware of Mikael running in from his covering position, drawing a crackling shock maul and accompanied by his cyber-mastiff as he hurried to cross the twenty or so yards of open ground and engage in combat, but he wasn't going to be in time to influence this fight. The man, sweat pouring from his muscled frame, hurled himself at Carter, his chain-glove roaring to life once more. Carter side-stepped, tripping the berserker and turning on the spot after the man's trailing body. He was beginning this follow through with the energy-sheathed power sword when the substantial frame of another recidivist crashed into him, barrelling him backwards and allowing the berserker to stagger back onto his feet and run down the steps of the cathedral.

Sark watched as chaos broke out on the steps of the San Ethusias – the foolhardy Interrogator's charge had been well and truly bogged down in a dangerous and close-ranged firefight, which Durant had obligingly charged into as well. As he watched, a stray las-round clipped the Ward, sending him sprawling into cover behind the remains of a penitent shrine, grasping his thigh. All the better for him, he reflected as, unnoticed

through the confusion of battle, he slipped off into the darkness around the side of the ruined cathedral, heading towards the target as revealed by his earlier mind-casting.

As chaos descended on the steps before him, Choi kept calm and focussed, not letting his concentration drop as he methodically loosed pulses of over-charged laser energy at the enemy to the rear of the cathedral as if they were targets on a firing range. The blasts had pinned one of them, wearing a defaced PDF uniform, and Choi waited for him to pop his head out of cover, his motion predictor highlighting exactly where it expected it to reappear. He focussed hard on the spot, but his concentration was thrown by the distinctive wail of a chain-weapon. He snapped his head to the left and barely had time to step backwards from a downwards swing of an industrial chainfist. The crazed fighter had somehow made it past Carter, and Choi's singular focus on the man to the rear had almost cost him his head. As the momentum of the swing pulled the berserker to Choi's left, Choi himself sidestepped to the right and levelled his hellgun. The close-range shot caught the attacker in the gut and sent him tumbling backwards. Choi said a silent prayer and raised his gun to his shoulder once more.



His new attacker was less frenzied than the previous assailant, Nathaniel realised. He was older, and running to fat, but he held a sizeable hammer in a confident two-handed grip that spoke of years of usage. The weapon swung in arcs, stopping Carter getting in close enough to do damage with his power sword. He advanced, feinting and teasing with the blade, but the old man was good, deflecting the very edge of the weapon with the massive shaft of the hammer, never letting Carter land a clean blow, but clearly being aware that he couldn't commit to the attack himself without risking having his weapon destroyed. Locked in their private dance, Nathaniel was caught entirely unawares by the faintest kiss of a las-bolt, passing scant inches from his forehead – an unseen assailant trying to put an end to his ingress into their defiled hideout. Distracted for a crucial second, Carter took a solid blow to his wrist from the hammer-wielder, sending his power sword from his hand to lie in the dust off to his right. Quick to follow up his advantage, his assailant began to swing purposefully, each blow capable of smashing bones or crushing skulls. In desperation, Carter threw himself into the man, ducking under a huge swing and wrestling the huge man around so his back was to his fallen sword. With a brutality that spoke of his youngest years in the filth of the hive, he smashed his head into the hammer-man's face, sending him tumbling backwards and allowing the Interrogator to stoop and collect his sword once more.



Carter dives past his assailant to retrieve the power sword previously knocked from his grasp in the desperate combat

Blood streaming from his broken nose, his foe was not ready to give up, and sent two furious blows to the ground, forcing Nathaniel to roll left and right, dust billowing around his body. Finally, he saw the opening he had been waiting for – his opponent committed himself to a killing blow, heaving the huge weapon back above his head to strike with the force of a comet onto Nathaniel's skull. As he did so, he exposed himself to attack, and Nathaniel pounced. The power sword scythed out, ripping through the man's paunch and spilling blood from a huge gash across his stomach. As he reeled with

pain, Carter was back to his feet, and rammed home his blade deep inside the screaming assailant, drawing his bulk close to him, and turning the dying man between himself and any other foes. The move was

prudent, as another man rose from behind a fallen pillar further down inside the knave of the cathedral, his face contorted with rage and a heavy-calibre autogun in his hands. Realising that he had no cover to go to, Nathaniel ducked behind the dead body as the gun-wielder opened up, dozens of bullets peppering the ground around himself and his makeshift shield. Carter felt the weight of the corpse shudder more than once as bullets hit home, and he realised he had no choice but to make for the safety of the entrance wall, two metres back from where he was now. Waiting for a lull in the storm of bullets, he flung himself clear of the dead man and rolled for cover as the bullets started once again. One zipped across his calf, drawing blood and sending him rolling down the first few cathedral steps, mercifully clear of further projectiles in the short term.

Desperate Combat

Derek: During Carter's one-on-one (that became a two-on-one thanks to an opportunist with a las-pistol!) with the hammer wielder, I spectacularly failed a riposte after a successful parry – I think I rolled a 98. Jez decided, with no small amount of glee, that Carter had lost his grip on his sword, and was now fighting unarmed! Luckily, I managed to execute a few successive dodges and circles to take the stupidly brave Interrogator next to his fallen weapon once more, and finally ended the combat after getting the blade back in Carter's hands. All for nought, of course, as he was left without any actions to follow-up into cover, and was then forced to dive back the way he came when a maniac opened up with several full auto blasts from an autogun. Damn those fickle action dice!



Goddard risked a quick glance around the corner, and quickly pulled his head back as the gunman sent a fresh flurry of shots his way. He looked back towards the cathedral entrance to see the man Choi had floored trying to get back to his feet. Goddard punched a round through the flesh of his calf and he dropped again, and was immediately set upon by the ward's cyber mastiff. Goddard grunted with satisfaction, and turned his mind back to his mission.

'What now?' Burrell demanded as Goddard turned back his way.

'We try the flank again,' Goddard replied swiftly. 'We have to get to the rear; otherwise we will all be pinned at the foot of these stairs and killed in short order. Come on.' David nodded and gritted his teeth. The pair stepped towards the corner. With a distraught cry, a heavy weight thudded into their backs and they both found themselves on the floor. Goddard forced the resisting body off his legs, and looked on in confusion as Carter lifted himself off the floor.

Driven back from their flanking move, Goddard and Burrell watch as the frontal assault meets with stern resistance from the men inside.



'What the smak are you doing?' David asked accusingly. Goddard made to echo Burrell's sentiment when a shape appeared above him at one of the cathedral's smashed windows. Goddard's eye fixed on the stubber pointing down directly at his face. A bolt of red light flared and the man flew backwards. Goddard looked back over his shoulder to meet the visored gaze of his saviour. Choi nodded briefly at Goddard and swung his hellgun back to the cathedral entrance. Goddard pushed himself to his feet knowing that the Stormtrooper was due another commendation. He looked to Carter and saw

embarrassment and anger written all over his flushed face. Without a word, the interrogator slapped a wound-sealer onto his leg and flew back up the steps into whatever combat had forced him from the cathedral's atrium. Goddard didn't think it would be worth his while to enquire as to what had happened later. Shaking his head, he turned back to the corner, where David stood waiting and stepped back into the firing line. An overwatch shot skipped off his breastplate and he zeroed in on the shooter's position. He raised his Havvy and let rip. The autopistol bucked in his hand, spraying the ruins with fire, and the man went down, grasping a shoulder. Goddard beckoned for David to follow. They weren't pausing any longer.

Skittles and Guardian Angels

Ruaridh: When Carter failed his pinning test, he threw himself down the stairs quite theatrically and collided with Goddard and Burrell and we decided they'd have been knocked sprawling. This put them in a defenceless position in front of the goon with the stubber, but fortunately Sergeant Choi wasn't getting involved in any of the calamity around him and saved Goddard's bacon with some accurate hellgun fire. I'm glad there was at least one pro on the table!



Back on his feet, with the burn across his thigh numbed by pain-stimms, Carter pressed himself back up against the wall of the cathedral. A quick glance around the corner was answered with yet more gunfire from the gloom, and he jerked his head back at speed. Durant was back on his feet, a rough and ready bandage wrapped around a thigh wound of his own, and one that looked worse than his. Movement from the corner of his eye alerted him to a new threat, as an extravagantly-haired young man rose from behind a marble column and lanced a las-shot towards him. He stood his ground, returned fire with his own stubber, then ducked back before the hail of predictable counter-shots came from the gloom. He was getting nowhere fast.



The combat was close and fast, just as years of warfare in the service of the Ordo Malleus had prepared Choi for. His hellgun fed him targeting information, and he adjusted his aim accordingly to fire off a bolt at a running target to the rear of the cathedral. A cultist charged at him, an oversized hammer in his hands. Choi stepped out of the way of the clumsy swing and fired a trio of shots into the man's torso as he passed him, leaving him to topple head-over-heels down the steps. Swinging his weapon back round, Choi found no shortage of new targets.



The professional warrior personified, Choi prepares to dispatch another foe...



David's goggles highlighted the enemy in the building in red and yellow, and he swore quietly. There were still at least half a dozen. Not your problem, he told himself, and looked ahead once more. The man Goddard had blasted had to be close. He scrambled up over the rubble and found himself practically on top of him. Panic flashed across the man's face and he reached for his pistol. The Lak 7 roared in David's hand.

Burrell barely heard Goddard calling out his name, such was his fixation on the corpse at his

feet. He pulled his goggles off and looked on in shock. His round had blown the back of the man's skull out and spread brain matter and Emperor knows what else over the stone in a crimson wash. He hadn't ever seen anything as horrific, let alone something that he had perpetrated. He felt a hand on his shoulder, and turned to see Goddard's face.

'I was worried for a second, David,' the inquisitor said, 'but I see that you had things well under control.'

'Yeah...' David replied.

'Come on,' Goddard patted his shoulder. 'More to do yet.'

David nodded, and cast one last look at the body. 'Smak me,' he said under his breath, and pulled his goggles back on.

Ruthlessness is a Virtue

Ruaridh: Despite David's woeful Ballistic Skill, he had not only managed to hit the cultist, but had also caused enough damage to blow his head off. Needless to say, we were all rather shocked by how ruthless the prospector could be, and so was Goddard!



Mikael Durant rolled into cover behind what might have once been some form of votive shrine in front of the cathedral door, and racked the slide on his shotgun. His leg throbbed, but the stims seemed to be keeping the pain largely under control. This whole situation was an Emperor-damned fethstorm, if ever he'd seen one. The weight of fire coming from the darkened doorway of the cathedral was phenomenal – he knew fine well there probably weren't any more than five or six men inside, but they were men with concealed positions and proper weapons, benefiting from the cover of the stygian gloom in the ruined cloisters. Carter was off to his right, back pressed against the archway as las-shots whizzed passed him. He was covered in nicks and scratches of his own, and looked like he'd taken at least one hit to the leg. The look on his face was not a happy one – diversion this may be, but Durant knew Nathaniel well enough to realise that he wasn't merely trying to buy time for Inquisitor Goddard – he'd want to clear this nest of traitors himself, especially as they had defiled an Ecclesiarchy cathedral.

He open up his comm, and tapped through to the Interrogator; "Going in again?"

"Emperor knows I'm going in again. These scum are eventually going to make a mistake, and I only need one good opening in those fire lanes to get inside." Carter's voice quivered with constrained rage as he spoke.

"You know," Durant voiced, ignoring the fizzles as more las-bolts smacked into the stonework of the ruined offering place behind which he crouched, "some people would just try another way in."

"Some people aren't agents of the Inquisition with their blood up, Mikael. Faith in the Emperor, comrade – He is ever our shield when the cause is just. Cover me, if you please."

The comm clicked off. Durant stood and blasted off three shells in quick succession, forcing one extravagantly-haired recidivist backwards into the shadows. He then had to duck frantically as a line of small calibre auto-shells pock-marked the ground towards him at speed, eventually burying themselves in the now-crumbling offering place. Not much more cover to be had here, he realised, and took a breath before standing up again. "The Emperor is ever our shield, eh? Might be nice if He gave me a shield right now..." Durant cracked off another two scatter rounds into the gloom, as Interrogator Carter threw himself through the doorway, power sword blazing, exploiting the brief respite in the out-pouring of hostile fire. Durant swung his shock maul back into his hands, thumbed the activation stud, and chased after the headstrong Interrogator.



Unseen by anyone else, Vasa Sark clambered over the loose scree of rubble that had cascaded down the flanks of the cathedral during the war. He could hear the gunfire behind him and to his right, furious and near-unrelenting, but it was of no concern to him. Ahead of him, comparatively undisturbed next to the ruin of the rest of the building, was a building clearly intended as some sort of inner sanctum or sacristy within the cathedral. What had once been interior windows had been reinforced with crude metal bars, but Sark had no intention of doing anything so brutish as physically breaking the stained glass. He could hear movement inside, and that was all he needed to know to convince him he'd found his quarry. He cleared his thoughts, slowed his breathing, and reached out with his mind.

Out-of-Character Knowledge

Jez: Throughout the game, Sark had purposefully been skirting the combat to get into position. Ruaridh was able to see Sark's every move and could easily have 'accidentally' placed his operatives in such positions as to prevent Sark from completing his mission. To his credit, Ruaridh was able to draw a line between what he knew and what his characters knew. This 'staying in character' is vital to the drama and atmosphere of this sort of game and, knowing Ruaridh, I was not at all surprised that he was willing to subordinate an increased chance of 'winning' to achieve this. However, other players may not be so mature so it is an important role of the GM to ensure that players do not try to make their characters act on knowledge they wouldn't have.



Choi sent the gunner to the left back behind cover with a lancing hellgun shot before moving up the stairs. He saw Carter engaged in combat, blocking his line of sight to the rear. The only clear target was the chainfist-armed man on the floor, despite the cyber mastiff tearing at his arm. He took aim and loosed two bolts into his chest, finally ending his struggles. The cyber mastiff released his ruined arm from its jaws, and scanned for further victims with an almost quizzical look. It bolted off, and Choi resumed his search for new targets.



Thankfully clear of the carnage within the cathedral, Goddard and Burrell stopped at the base of the ruins at the rear of the cathedral. Through the smashed windows they could see a shrine, almost untouched by shelling in comparison to the rest of the building and large enough to host a small congregation on its own. Without even looking at each other or speaking a word, both instantly knew that within its walls they would find the master of this knot of recidivists, and perhaps the key to rooting out the heart of the corruption. Goddard holstered his autopistol and began to climb the rubble, David close behind.



Plunging once more into the darkness, it took a second for Nathaniel's eyes to adjust to the gloom. As he focussed fully on his quarry, he saw that his charge had taken the defenders of the defiled cathedral by surprise, but he hadn't been quite quick enough. The same pistol-wielding foe as before, all green hair and skin piercings, levelled his las-pistol and cracked off two quick shots, at the same time as a second man leapt from behind his concealed position, sending more las-blasts across his path. Facing being bisected by the perpendicular streams of fire, Nathaniel threw himself forwards, ducking under the las-fire and rolling back to his feet, finding himself on the opposite side of the same ruined pillar the pierced youth was using as cover. At the same moment, Durant's charge lead him up and over the threshold of the cathedral at last, leaping the fallen pew benches that formed the first, least substantial, barricade to their ingress. His shock maul swung down in a fizzing arc, crunching into the shoulder of the las-gunner who had broken cover in response to Carter's charge. The man recoiled, fighting to stay on his feet, but Durant followed up with his trailing fist in fluid motion, buckling the man over and exposing the back of his skull to an incapacitating second blow from the maul. The man crumpled in a spasming heap, and was still.

Chaos erupts as Carter finally breaks the recidivist line and leads a charge into the ruins of the Cathedral San Ethusias.



Shocked at seeing his compatriot downed only a few seconds after their position seemed secure, and having lost the other man with the power sword, the young recidivist turned his laspistol on Durant, smacking the Ward's carapace-armoured torso with a las-round that spun him round and left him on his back, but otherwise unharmed. Even as he watched, the Ward grabbed his shotgun one-handed and aimed it squarely at him, unleashing another

fragmentation round. The shell exploded behind his head, missing him, but making him duck back and out of the line of fire. It was only when he rounded his covering pillar that he realised he was face to face with his original target, who wasn't so lost after all.

Nathaniel grinned broadly, adrenaline pumping through his body as he saw the shock on the man's face at coming face to face with him once more. His range at the defilement these men had inflicted upon the Emperor's place of worship was boiling by now, fuelled by his own resentment at how hard these scum had made him work to get even a few feet within the ruined building, as if they had some right to be there! His fist lashed out once, twice, three times, pushing the man back and sending his laspistol flying. He tried to reach behind him and retrieve what looked like some form of cudgel from his belt, but Nathaniel had already taken a two-handed grip on his sword, and sent the blade diagonally across the man's torso, from left hip to right shoulder, throwing the man backwards, trailing blood from the huge gash on his chest.

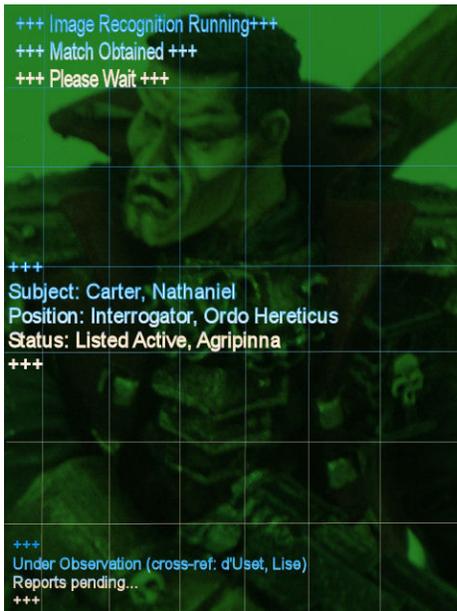


A knot of men came charging from the rear, stubbers blazing. The final gambit, Choi thought to himself. He swung his aim onto them, but winced as a round caught the back of his left hand. He hunkered down on the

stairs and checked that all five fingers were present and correct. Not even a flesh wound, he told himself, and retook his aim, determined to take some revenge.

Damned Nerve Tests!

Derek: As anyone who has ever seen me play Inquisitor will know, my grand plans will always collapse as soon as I touch dice. If, by some miracle, the action dice are favourable, chances are I'll fail the next roll the GM asks me to take. All the time Durant and Carter were trying to get into that cathedral, I failed practically every single Nerve test I was required to roll, and neither of those two characters are cowards! In fact, Carter is a decidedly brave man! However, in this case, all a recidivist had to do was wave a gun in the general direction of my boys and they were high-tailing down the steps it had taken the last two turns to climb. Choi, by contrast, was an immovable rock, with Ruaridh passing all but one of the tests he took for being fired upon. It got to the stage where Ruaridh and Jez were pretty much incapable of preventing themselves howling with laughter as yet another 96 was rolled, and my head bashed itself off the gaming table at the same time as the "brave" Interrogator rolled in the dirt once more...



Vasa Sark was utterly still, his body near-defenceless as he cast his mind beyond the physical prison of his flesh and bone. Unfettered, his psychic self soared through the walls of the defiled sacristy, seeing the soulfire of the recidivist leader lurking within. Without a moment of hesitation, he smashed aside the feeble mental barriers of the contemptible blunt, enforcing his own will onto that of the man, whose body had now begun to quiver at the intrusion. There was no time to be gentle, however – the memories had to be forced into the man’s cortex, and he could sense Goddard and his lackey were very close indeed. Satisfied the job was done, the spectral essence of Vasa Sark detached itself and hurtled back, returning to the waiting body of the sanctioned psyker. The recidivist staggered as his mind returned to him, totally lacking in understanding as to what had just happened.

Outside, in the darkness, Sark made his way down the rubble slopes and headed off towards the sounds of the fighting, even as he heard Goddard and Burrell attempt to force entry into the sanctum. Maybe he could still help Interrogator Carter clear out this little nest of vipers after all.

The Best Laid Plans...

Derek: From the start of the game, Sark had been working his way around the cathedral with the intent of psychically planting false memory engrams in the mind of the recidivist ring-leader, with the intent that Goddard would uncover this “evidence” later on. However, we also thought that Sark might be carrying some other, physical, evidence with him too, just to compound the lies being spread. Due to Goddard and Burrell making their way around the opposite side of the cathedral comparatively unimpeded, they were only moments behind Sark in reaching their goal. Sark knew this, so had to slink away without leaving these physical clues to back up the mental ones he had planted. Thus, there was a hole in Saussure’s plan that would be open for discovery by the determined observer...

Goddard unslung his shock maul and thumbed the activation stud. A low hum sounded out and he nodded to Burrell. David raised the sole of his boot and crashed it against the door to the shrine, which swung open with a bang. Goddard was through in a shot and quickly spotted its sole inhabitant, standing over a bucket of burning documents. He lashed out with the maul and caught the man on the temple, sending him convulsing to the floor. David kicked the bucket onto its side and began stamping on the burning papers.

‘Some of this has to be of use,’ he said. Goddard nodded and deactivated his maul. He looked back to the man on the floor. He was dressed simply, and carried too much weight around his middle. A fairly well-off desk jockey, he assumed, but not of too high a standing. He didn’t look to be the kind to mastermind the Brotherhood, but he certainly would have information. The gunfire from outside told him that the enemy had still not been subdued. He took a pair of zip-ties from his belt and turned the man onto his front to restrain him. The day was not quite finished yet.



Carter moved with a killer's grace now, the lethal intersecting gunfire that had been holding him at bay finally faltering as the recidivists' numbers had dwindled. He left the fallen body behind him and ran to meet the charge of another hammer-wielder, swinging his powered blade around into the shaft of the huge weapon, shearing it in two, and following his swing through into the meat of the man's belly. His would-be assailant crumpled in a mewling heap at the Interrogator's feet, where Carter let him lie. Another man, the last as far as he could see, launched himself at Mikael, another of those crude chain-gloves whirring on his fist. Durant had seen him coming, but never had to make the defensive move he had primed himself for. The charging traitor seemed to lose the ability to move his legs, despite the adrenaline clearly pumping through his veins. A look of sheer confusion and panic crossed his face, seemingly willing his legs to move, but getting no response.

Walking slowly up the stairs and into the cathedral came Sark, his eyes glowing with lambent wychfire. His staff was held before him, pointing at the man like an arrow. How typical, thought Nathaniel, of a psyker to keep out of harm's way until the very death. Sark gestured towards the floor of the cathedral with his staff, and the recidivist dropped to his knees, his legs now seeming to rebel against his wishes in the opposite fashion to only a moment before.

"Would you care to finish him, Durant, or shall I have him do it himself?" Sark asked. The helpless man's chain-glove began to move towards his own throat, terror springing wide in his eyes.

Durant looked at Carter, who nodded, and the Ward cracked his shock maul across the back of the man's skull. He passed out instantly, the chain-weapon falling silent by his side. Carter stared at Sark, who looked slightly displeased.

"We have finished our work, wych. There is no honour in killing the defenceless."

Sark shrugged, and turned to walk away. Carter was about to call him back, when he heard footsteps behind him. He turned quickly, sure there had been no further assailants to deal with. Goddard and the prospector, Burrell, came out of the gloom, a prone figure slung between them, and several sheathes of paper hanging from bindings on the Inquisitor's belt.

"Well met, Interrogator. We have what we came for."



Prisoner Taken

Ruaridh: That went remarkably well. High point had to be David's execution of the traitorous scum that had pinned he and Goddard down for the first couple of turns; I was shocked by the competency of my dice rolling! Man-of-the-match had to Choi though. He performed like a machine for most of the game, bringing down cultist after cultist, and saved Goddard's bacon at one point. Only a couple of turns of near-inactivity and a pathetically failed Nerve test to spoil a near-perfect performance. Ordo Malleus Stormtroopers are obviously made of stern stuff!

Most importantly though was the fact that Goddard managed to take the paper-burning man prisoner before Sark could plant the last piece of falsified evidence. Interrogating him thoroughly should reveal Saussure's duplicity, and the revelation should make for an exciting final game!

Once again the game itself was played in good cheer, and we all had a laugh at Derek's expense with his inability to pass Nerve tests! Jez kept us on our toes with some exceedingly competent enemies to fight through, and I'm convinced he somehow managed to put a hex on our characters that prevented them from reaching the top of the steps into the cathedral – they just could not get in the building! Speaking of the

cathedral, it was a lovely table to fight on, and I'm in gratitude to Andy at GW Glasgow again for not chucking it out as he had planned so that we could play this game.

Onwards then, to the final game. Should prove to be good fun.



Mission (Almost) Accomplished

Derek: Well, that was amusing, if not exactly as smooth a performance as I'd have liked! I knew that all the good luck I had in the last game would come snapping back to hit me in the face this time around. I was simply unable to pass a single Nerve test – I think I must have, without exaggeration, successfully passed two of them, out of about twenty Jez made me take. A lot of the time, they were with + 20% modifiers as well!

I should maybe explain why I continued taking such direct routes with Carter and Durant, when sneaking like Goddard may have been a better plan. As I explained in my introduction, Carter's meant to be a bit grief-stricken and single-minded at this point in his career, and is looking to vent his anger at the loss of Inquisitrix d'Uset through combat and prayer. This, coupled with the fact that he has the *Heroic* ability, meant that I felt he had to be right in the thick of things. *Heroic* characters should have no qualms about putting themselves in danger, as far as I'm concerned. Of course, his constant failing of Nerve tests was most certainly *not* heroic, but at least I tried. Hardly my fault if the dice don't to play along, is it?

Surprisingly, the one element that did work out well was Sark's psychic meddling, as he didn't have a single brain-dribbling moment during the whole game! If only Durant had blown the head off the man Sark forced to walk between his gunsights, maybe the whole initial assault would have gone more smoothly. Never mind – Jez had just decided it was *really* dark in that cathedral, though I don't think he realised just how much of a meal Carter, Durant and Choi were going to make of getting in that front door (To be fair, Choi was much more competent than the other two!).

So, Goddard has his man, but that man has had highly incriminating evidence planted inside his head by Sark, in the hope that this will make Goddard more amenable when Saussure makes his move and topples Lord Ryan. Only time, and the upcoming interrogations and investigations by both parties, will tell how this one plays out...



The Storm Gathers

Jez: Wow! That was tense. Sark was within seconds of planting the evidence needed to complete his master's plan. However, having failed to do so, a titanic confrontation between Goddard and Saussure is apparently inevitable.

Well, that went very well...although I did expect the elite operatives of the Inquisition to get a bit further than the top of the entrance steps! Still, the game was highly enjoyable and filled with the sort of moments that will rest long in the memory. From Carter's desperate unarmed combat against a Power hammer wielding maniac to the cool execution of a terrorist under David's gun to, and it really was quite rib-tickling, the sight of the rock-steady, red-armoured Choi standing silhouetted in the Cathedral's entrance whilst everyone else in his posse continually refused to advance past him. I can only imagine the look on his face under his all-concealing storm trooper helmet.

The role of the GM is very similar to the role of the Director in a feature film. There are often many things to keep track of and it is important to be able to decide what aspects of the game to prioritise when. Fortunately I was blessed in having two players who were not only dedicated to having a good time and playing a dramatic game but that were also willing to pull back from the objectives of their own side and see the bigger picture.

Further Reading

For any of you who were unlucky enough to miss the first installment of this battle report series, you can find it hidden away in Issue 1 of *Dark Magenta*. If you were impressed by the proficiency of Sergeant Huan Choi, Goddard's trusty warrior-lieutenant in this battle report, you might also want to look at the brief article on the Fanatic website, giving you hints and tips about creating Storm Trooper characters. You can find it at <http://www.specialist-games.com/assets/FO48InqStorm.pdf>.

There's plenty of opportunity for you to play your own games of *Inquisitor* set during the aftermath of the 13th Black Crusade. The Fanatic website has an article giving ideas for exactly that (download it from <http://www.specialist-games.com/assets/inqeye.pdf>), while you can find the initial campaign summary, giving lots of details about the systems involved and their current state, at the still-active website, www.eyeofterror.com. The specific article can be found at:

<http://www.eyeofterror.com/uk/assets/eotconclusion.pdf>



"My Lord?"

Benedict Saussure looked up from the game of regicide, leaving Kuerten deep in thought. The boards were playing in reverse, a particularly complicated form of the game that Saussure had a liking for, but it was testing Kuerten's control over the game. He didn't look like he'd seen the danger coming down his right flank, but Benedict was happy enough to give him extra time to notice it.

"What is it, Ernst? Has Interrogator Carter returned?" The First Sergeant was back on his feet, still sporting a scar on his forehead, but he was no longer house-bound under Saussure's orders. The old man knew how much he had wanted to be accompanying Durant and Carter into the San Ethusias assault.

"Yes. The Interrogator reports minor injuries, but nothing requiring a return trip to the Angelic to use the medicae facilities. They will be with us in a few minutes, if not less."

"Thank you, Ernst. Speaking of the medicae, you're due on final check-up with Annabella before I let you loose and into the fray once more, yes? Go and see her now if you're not busy – I'm sure she'll give you a clean bill of health."

Sergeant Asimov saluted smartly – an old affectation he sometimes found it hard to drop, though it was sometimes carried out with a hint of familiar irony these days – and turned on his heel, off to find the young doctor. Probably not objecting either, Saussure thought. Even an old man like him accepted that Annabella Croft was a very attractive young lady. In retrospect, it's amazing any of his male members of staff ever

wanted to leave the infirmary on the Angelic these days.

The door handle turned sharply, and the powerful figure of Nathaniel swept in, unbuckling his sheathed sword and holstered gun, and dropping into the expanse of the couch across the room. Richard looked up from the regicide board and greeted his fellow Interrogator, his eyes then falling on the numerous burns, scratches and bloodstains on Nathaniel's robes.

"You're hurt, brother?" he asked, nodding his head towards Nathaniel's legs.

"Nothing serious, Richard, nothing serious. The recidivists put up significantly more of a fight than we had probably expected them to do – they fought for the San Ethusias with all the fanaticism you'd probably expect. It took Mikael and I, along with Sergeant Choi..."

"Inquisitor Goddard's Captain of Storm Troopers?", Saussure asked.

"Just so, my Lord. A very capable warrior indeed," Carter confirmed. "It took us more work than I would have liked, but we forced our way inside and held up the main body of the traitors for long enough to allow Inquisitor Goddard and his prospector to out-flank the compound and pounce on the leader of the band."

Carter was animated in a way that was rarely seen these days. Benedict regretted that it was only combat that brought this out of him any more. He had met Nathaniel several years ago, while his mistress had still been alive, and he had been such an energising presence to be around – full of quick wit and conversation. Lise – Emperor

rest her - had always called him the best Interrogator she'd ever taken into the fold. Now, the young Interrogator rarely found such vigour. "And what has Inquisitor Goddard done with his new captive - does he send word?"

"Indeed he does, Benedict - he wishes to begin interrogation of the wretch as soon as he can. He asks you to contact him forthwith, and bring with you anything further we've dug up on their operations in the sector."

"Then I will do so. Tell me, Nathaniel, where is Vasa?"

Carter's face twisted, near-imperceptibly. "He's retired to his quarters, to rest his mind," he said. "I think he wants to be left alone."

Saussure got up from his chair and crossed the room, placing his good hand on the Interrogator's shoulder. "I know you don't like serving with a telepath, Nathaniel, and I thank you for your patience. You must learn that, as an Inquisitor, you may have to use all the resources the Emperor puts in your path, even if you find them distasteful from time to time. Now, I presume you'll want to go and make your devotions before you retire to recuperate?"

Interrogator Carter nodded. "Off you go then. Good work on a job well done, Nathaniel." Saussure squeezed the younger man's shoulder, and removed his hand. Carter got up out of his chair, and headed off into one of the empty rooms in the rented suite, where a small shrine had been set up. A silver Aquilla was held in his hands.

The door to Vasa Sark's room slid back quietly, barely registering against the threadbare carpet. The lights were off, and the room was lit only by the four votive candles sitting atop various tables in the corners of the room. Sark knelt in the centre of the room on a large prayer mat, dimly lit as he lowered his force staff back into its specially-constructed case. The surface of the weapon glinted with the sheen of the sanctified oils Sark had just finished applying. He did not look around as Saussure entered.

"Did you meet with success, Vasa?", Saussure asked.

Sark turned now, the light making his eyes look even more sunken than normal. The Inquisition tattoo on his forehead stood out starkly against his pale, waxen skin. "It has been done, my Lord. The man is a puppet in your scheme now - his guilt has been made true."

"His guilt was true already, Vasa - all we've done is heightened the connections."

"Indeed, Lord Saussure. My apologies for appearing to suggest otherwise. The other Inquisitor, Goddard - he nearly interrupted my work." Sark looked vexed at the memory. Saussure frowned slightly.

"Were you seen, Vasa? Are you saying you were unable to complete your task?"

"No, I was not seen. He remains ignorant of my presence. However, I was unable to embellish the engrams with all the detail I would have liked. The man should genuinely believe everything you will extract from him under interrogation - it will appear convincing."

"But, if a truly determined assault were to be made upon his mind?" Saussure started what he felt was to be Sark's next statement.

"Yes, if a vigorous assault were to be made, psychically especially, there may be... holes, in the story. Small inconsistencies that may be noticed by the meticulous observer."

Saussure nodded, and turned to leave. "I think we may rest assured that Tomashek Goddard will be a meticulous observer", he said to himself. "A good thing that this is far from the only piece of the puzzle". He strode back down the corridor. He would join Nathaniel before the shrine.

Behind him, Vasa Sark turned back and completed his ritual cleansings by the light of the candles.

Communiqués

Every issue, we focus on some of the random musings we've had sent to the inbox at editor@darkmagenta.co.uk. Your feedback and opinions are very important to us here at *Dark Magenta*, so please, if there's anything about the previous issues of the magazine, or the state of the *Inquisitor* hobby in general, that you feel you want to get off your chest, then get in touch with us at the address above.

So, this issue we have...

Inspired Beginners

Man, that magazine is awesome!

I really want to get involved in *Inquisitor*, my two main concerns are modelling and not knowing anyone else who does... But modelling is nowhere near as hard as I thought, that was such a helpful section. I'm looking forward to the next issue, although maybe you should reduce the length of articles a little bit, because it's quite a task to read all that stuff.

And I have some ideas for item in game. I really like the concept of poisoning your weapons and such, but there's such a small amount of poisons in the rules which are all so powerful, I want to see a few more.

Robert Antonello

Robert,

Thank you very much for your kind words. It's great to know that our first issue has attracted attention from people who don't play the game, and that some of those people have been moved to try to get involved. Our modelling sections are designed to one of three things – either show you exactly how something was done, give you an insight into what other modellers do with their 54mm pieces, or give you a truly inspirational piece to fire your imagination. The fact that you found the articles helpful is good to know.

As for the length of pieces, we'll take that into consideration. Our editors work with the author of an article to get it to the appropriate length for that given piece, and we don't want to artificially curtail a writer. At the same, we don't want everyone getting bored! We'll keep an eye on feedback, and try to make sure we're not out-staying anyone's attention span.

As for the drugs you suggested, I know that we've been in touch about that separately, so we'll leave that for the moment and maybe we'll see more in the future!

Holy Terra!

First of all, I'd like to say how impressed I was with the first edition of *Dark Magenta* - it more than lived up to my expectations and provided a number of interesting and thought-provoking articles. The battle report and rules article on psychology and mental characteristics were two particularly interesting articles in my opinion.

However, the best article in my view was the Terran Adventurescape piece, providing invaluable advice and guidance for a world I'd considered setting an *Inquisitor* campaign but never in any great detail. It has provided

me with much inspiration and ideas, and this brings me on to my question. As the article itself says, the Terran Adventurescape is not a campaign, but a list of starting points for one. My question is whether *Dark Magenta* would be interested in a fully fleshed out campaign fought upon Terra, in a style similar to the *Inquisitor Conspiracies* series. Would a Terran campaign be something the magazine would be interested in publishing?

I understand entirely if the answer is no - after all, running a second feature on Terra in two magazines might seem a little dull - but I thought I'd better ask to see if this might intrigue you at all.

Cheers,

Michael Duxbury

Hi Michael,

*We'd be delighted to see your submission for a Terran-set *Inquisitor* campaign! If a high quality article in the style of the *Conspiracies* series came our way, you'd find us very interested indeed. Robey's article has sparked lots of appreciative response, and it would be wonderful if an article by one author sparked the imagination of another.*

*Remember that, for a campaign submission to be really top class, we'd be hoping for maps and diagrams accompanying the scenarios, some pictures of models you've made to represent the main NPCs (and/or possibly some good sketches of how you envisage them!), and maybe even a small report on how you and your gaming group got on when you played the campaign yourselves. For our full set of guidelines for campaigns in *Dark Magenta*, have a look at the relevant page on the website:*

http://www.darkmagenta.co.uk/battlereports_campaigns_scenarios_guidelines.html

That should tell you everything you need to know! We'll be looking forward to your submission with plenty of anticipation...

Eternal Guardians

Firstly let me begin by congratulating you on an excellent first issue, despite the 'interim' label; it was most intriguing, and I eagerly await the second and subsequent instalments.

As I was browsing through the article relating to *Inquisitor* battles fought on Holy Terra itself, I noted with some surprise and, it must be admitted, a certain

degree of shock that the Custodian Guard profile did not entirely fit my image of those invulnerable defenders of The Most Holy Emperor Of All Mankind. I believe my exact thoughts ran something along these lines: "Oh my God they've got rules for Custodians, I can't believe it...what the hell...?"

While indeed the Custodian is bowel-looseningly formidable, I have noted that he is a full fifty points below the 'average' Space Marine in the areas of Strength and Toughness. I have wondered whether this is to balance out the power of the Custodian, as he does outstrip the Marine in most other areas. However as I have read that the Adeptus Custodes were the first superhumans to be created by the Emperor and that they are, after all, "to a Space Marine what a Space Marine is to a normal human", I cannot help but request a clarification on this issue. Also the Custodians seem to be almost completely lacking in armour, despite depictions of them armoured not only more heavily than the 'average' Marine, but also more ornately. I have committed much thought to the issue and decided that said artwork was from the time of the Heresy, and that ten thousand years is a very long time, even for the Custodes. This would also explain why the Guardian Spear can be used alternately as a Mars-pattern lasgun, when artwork clearly shows the Spear as a sort of hybrid power-halberd/boltgun.

I eagerly await a reply, if merely to confirm my half-suspensions.

Sincerely,

Robert Sim

Hello Robert,

To start answering your questions, I've put your questions straight to the author of the article, Robey Jenkins. Here's what he had to say for himself:

"One of the real joys of Inquisitor is that it gives one the chance to really drag over the many, many strata of background that have been laid down by the GW Studio over the years. Any serious student of the 40k universe will quickly discover that the background is far from consistent and, at any one time, it's hard to predict what will happen next. So a designer who doesn't have the Olympian perspective of the GW Design Studio has to do his best with the given material.

First of all, you'll find Eoin Whelan's new rules for Space Marines elsewhere in this issue and you'll see that these have reduced the Strength and Toughness of Space Marines so that the Custodian stands up pretty well alongside them.

Beyond that consideration, there are a number of possible explanations for the stat-line. None of them is "official" and any or all of them are possible, because we know so little about the Custodians. It is possible that the last ten thousand years have seen the creation methods of the Custodians devolve somehow. Or perhaps it is only in unison with their ceremonial armour that they so far outstrip the Space Marines. Or maybe they become less powerful the further they are

from the Emperor. In any case, I designed the Custodian stat-line with one eye on the background, but the other eye firmly fixed upon the game itself. Custodians are intended to be GM tools to even up the sides or to stack the odds to suit circumstances. As any veteran will tell you, Space Marines on the tabletop tend to possess a narrative gravity that makes everything revolve around them. I was keen to make sure that the same thing didn't happen to Custodians. You are, of course, free to stick to the old rules for Space Marines and you may, therefore, want to boost the stats of your Custodians accordingly. I don't, however, recommend it.

As for the Guardian Spear, the most recently-written background for the Custodes describes them at the time of the Horus Heresy. However, chronologically, the background written in the old Rogue Trader rulebook is actually more current and describes the Guardian Spear as having a built-in lasgun. I chose to assume that the old bolter-spears had been put aside or reserved only for the Companions in the Throne Room itself. The rest of the Custodians carry the lasgun-halberds accordingly."

So, there you go. The point I didn't give to Robey to address was that about the armour, as that is answered in background canon. In the aftermath of the Horus Heresy, and the interment of the Emperor in the Golden Throne, the Adeptus Custodes considered themselves to have failed in their duty to protect the Emperor. In penance for this failure, they cast aside their golden armour, and adopted a uniform in line with that presented in the article – breeches and cloaks. So, while all that golden armour might look incredibly cool, the modern-day Custodians no longer adorn themselves with it.

Room for Improvement?

Hello, my name is Tom Mulray and I loved your magazine about *Inquisitor* and I think *Dark Magenta* is a wonderful idea. I have two thoughts I'd like to share with you on your magazine that I think may help it.

The first thing is that, while the battle report was wonderfully written and a lot of what inquisitor is about is "living" stories in the 40k universe, I am a bigger fan of reading about the banter between players and Gamesmasters, and lucky dice rolls and things like that - like a transcript of a battle, but with the boring things cut out. As an example, the "a sample inquisitor turn" page in the inquisitor rule book has a small section of a battle. Although this isn't the full form of what I mean, it gives you an idea. What I'm saying is that I think the first battle report lacked the game mechanics - it was wonderful to read, but to me it's more of a fiction than a battle report.

My next point concerns the rules for Inquisitor. As I'm sure you know, they can be complicated at the best of times, especially since a lot of it can be made up on the spot. But one thing that can't be done in such a way character creation, and what I'd really like to read is an article on how people go about making a character, from background concepts to play testing etc. Basically,

helping first time players make new characters that they have fun with.

Anyway, thanks for your time, and well done with the first issue.

Tom.

Hi there Tom, and thanks for your e-mail. Your comments on our new series of battle reports are very welcome, and have been taken on board. There are effectively three ways of writing an Inquisitor battle report, as I see it – a narrative approach, a mechanics approach, or a combination of the two. The authors of the current series of battle reports – of which I am one, of course – have mainly chosen the narrative option, as had the authors of the reports originally run in White Dwarf and repeated in the Inquisitor Annual 2002. We have tried to tip our hat towards the sort of layout you suggested by including separate pieces from the players and the GM outlining how or why events happened, but your letter reminds us that there are some out there who want us to go the whole way towards a “nuts and bolts” style of report.

What I can tell you is that future reports in the “Agripinaa” series of reports we’re currently running will continue to be in a narrative style, but I would invite all readers of Dark Magenta to get in touch with us to

Well, that’s all for this offering. Please, if any of you have thoughts about letters you’ve read here, articles in this issue that have inspired, annoyed or confused you, or any thoughts on the state of the *Inquisitor* hobby in general, then do get in touch. The address, as always, is editor@darkmagenta.co.uk.

Cheers,

Derek

suggest their own battle reports (see the submission guidelines), and to not feel constrained by the narrative fashion we’ve so far adopted. Well written pieces will be given due consideration regardless!

The same point applies to Tom’s second issue – an article on character creation would be very nice indeed (though an oblique approach to the issue can be found in the Fanatic Online article “Summoning the Muse” - <http://www.specialist-games.com/assets/FO67InqMuse.pdf>). Does anyone want to take up the challenge?

And Finally...

Listen, keep up the good work! DARK MAGENTA RULES!!!!!!!!!!!!

“Hellreaper”

Aw, shucks! Thank you.

(The above message was, quite genuinely, the sole content of an e-mail labelled “Fanmail” that arrived in the Editor’s Inbox after the release of Issue 1. Apologies to anyone offended by the over-enthusiastic use of exclamation marks...)

Taking the High Ground

Terrain and the 54mm model (or “Why People Don’t Play *Inquisitor*” Part 2)

I love a good First Person Shooter. I love them so much that I primarily blame Doom for the fact that I only scraped a Third at university, and Halo almost cost me my marriage. It's now reached the point that I have to strictly ration my exposure to PC games of all sorts and FPSs in particular. As for consoles, I won't allow them in the house on the grounds that I really do have a life to lead.

But thing about the FPS that makes it so especially dangerous is what the designers call "immersion": that total focus that not only keeps you playing but which makes the experience seem astonishingly immediate and real. I can still recall jumping with shock at some of the encounters in *Doom*. To modern gamers, that ground-breaker must seem hopelessly clunky, but I was entirely immersed in the experience.

What so intensely captured my brain was the interplay of the Player Character (me) and his enemies, the imps and other demons. But what really added spice to things, making it more than just a shoot-'em-up, was the atmosphere conveyed by the gloomy interiors, and the way that an enemy could appear, right there in your face without warning.

And it's true of tabletop wargames, too. Of course, achieving the sort of immersion in a tabletop game that one gets in an FPS would be, frankly, rather creepy: like those weird kids who laugh like Doctor Evil as they bankrupt their families during a game of Monopoly. But it's true that - whilst it is the clash of arms and the interplay of mighty heroes and dastardly villains that claims our imagination - the setting can turn a simple meeting of forces into a story. It is the difference between wanting to win and caring if you lose.

Inquisitor is no exception - and why should it be? Having played numerous games on the beautiful tables of Warhammer World, I can testify to the difference that great terrain can have on the feel, pace and urgency of any game of *Inquisitor*. And yet, when I hear or read of players complaining that they won't play *Inquisitor* because they don't want to have to build a whole new set of terrain, I am not sympathetic.

The easy availability of scale terrain is often quoted as a point in the favour of what is known as "Inq28" - *Inquisitor* played with standard 28mm models. However, whilst I have no particular brief against Inq28, I don't accept this

argument in its favour. Only a cursory glance at Games Workshop's own range of terrain puts the lie to the idea that it is "scale specific". The [Chapel of Sanctuary](#), the [Imperial Sector](#), [trees](#), [jungle foliage](#), [barricades](#), [hill sections](#)... All of these work at least as well at the larger scale as at the smaller.

Of course, in this I'm talking about using the same terrain at 54mm as you would use at 28mm, which is all very well. But when it comes to terrain, *Inquisitor* has a lot more in common with those FPSs I mentioned earlier than just the addictive compulsion they induce.

Inquisitor is a state of mind, and people afflicted with it want to do more than just what is offered by the limitations of their terrain collection. 28mm terrain is so *short!* And it's all designed with whole armies in mind! The best FPSs don't just throw you up to the rooftops or dangle you over precipices. They drag you down into sewers, too. And the very, very best let you interact with the terrain almost as closely as one can in real life. *Inquisitor* using, as it does, the human imagination as its platform software, is as interactive as you can imagine. But the terrain can't keep up with our ambitions!

Fortunately, *Inquisitor* enjoys one great advantage over almost all other tabletop games: it is at least as much cooperative as it is competitive. This means that all sides can be easily persuaded to suspend their disbelief and engage their imaginations in the name of a great story.

So, for a rooftop chase, take a selection of books, large and small. Placed around the table - sometimes one on top of another, sometimes connected, but often spaced apart - they convincingly act as series of island roof-tops. Will you go for the direct route with the big gap? Or the long route with several small gaps?

For a dungeon-style quest or a Space Hulk exploration, things are even easier. Either draw a series of interconnecting tunnels on A4 sheets, or download Games Workshop's own [Space Hulk floor tiles](#) - now redrawn for 40mm bases!

There are no limits to the possible in *Inquisitor*, and therefore no reason to let your terrain be an impediment to your aspirations.

Record of Heresies

Derek Gillespie is the Editor-in-Chief of *Dark Magenta*, and has been keeping his fingers in many *Inquisitor*-related pie ever since the game came out. He's currently trying to get back to having some regular gaming and painting time while trying to finish off a thesis, which is proving a tricky as he expected!

Robey Jenkins is *Dark Magenta*'s Features editor. Physical age, over 30; mental age, still about 14, Robey retired from a career in the British Army to become a full-time artist/author, supported by an understanding wife and two children too young to know that their Dad is actually a useless layabout.

Ruaridh Dall is a dental student at Glasgow University, but is actually not that twisted a person! When not looking at teeth, he can be found lurking on the Specialist Games forum and on The Conclave under the guise of Van Helsler.

Jeremy Lowe is a long-term player of all Games Workshop games, and has been turning his hand to *Inquisitor* ever since it was released, both as a player and a very vocal GM. He lives in Edinburgh, where he can be found taking on all comers across the astro-granite of a Blood Bowl pitch with ruthless efficiency...

Nick Garrett is a man of few words, but will permit us to let you know that he enjoys painting and converting miniatures, as his Showcase article will testify!

Eoin Whelan is a long-term *Inquisitor* player and a well-known presence of internet discussion forums such as The Conclave and Warseer. He can also be found keeping the imperial faithful in line on the Specialist Games forum, where he functions as an Answer Mod for the *Inquisitor* game system

Randy Linbourn, a.k.a. Juddski, is a Welshman old enough to not want to tell us how old he is. It's been a long time since Randy last played a wargame, but he still loves the sci-fantasy imagery of the Imperium and churns out sketches and paintings at an impressive clip. He is a contributor to several online community projects, including the Anargo Sector Project.

If you'd like to buy any of the artwork you see in *Dark Magenta* or to commission any of our artists, please email the editor at the submissions address.

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